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*and all  
of these  
theater*

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# Brer Rabbit and Mr. Fox

A Musical Frolic

BY  
Mrs. PERCY DEARMER

WITH MUSIC BY  
MARTIN SHAW

Vocal Score - - 5s. net.  
Book of the Words - 1s. 6d. net.

London : Joseph Williams, Limited  
Publishers of Music, Books, and Dramatic Works  
32, Great Portland Street, W.

J.W.15479

Made and Printed in Great Britain



101

Scene

221 - Bear & Whit

224 - Janey & man

227

227

228 - Janey & man

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## PEOPLE IN THE PLAY.



UNCLE REMUS.

JOHN. *pg 3-5, 18-19, 20, 21-32*

MARY.

BRER BEAR.

BRER FOX.

BRER RABBIT.

BRER TARRYPIN.

BRER BULLFROG.

MISS GOOSE.

KING DEER.

KING DEER'S DAUGHTER.

MR. MAN.

MISS JANNEY.

MR. KILDEE.

MISS MEADOWS.

MISS MOTTS.

MISS LUCY. *19, 14, 28, 29, 31-32*

MISS NANCY. *" " "*

SINDY ANN.

RAB. *15*

TOBE.

MOLLY COTTONTAIL.

BOB BUNNY.

LITTLE RABBITS, MOSQUITOES, FROGS, FIREFLIES, ETC.

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N.B.—No fees will be charged for private performances given  
by schools.

# BRER RABBIT AND MR. FOX.

## OVERTURE No. 1.

### SCENE 1.—*Brer Rabbit's Wood.*

*Enter* UNCLE REMUS *with* JOHN *and* MARY, *before the Curtain.*

JOHN. Uncle Remus, come and sit here. *(They sit down on R.)*

MARY. If you tell us a story we shall see Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox, shan't we, Uncle Remus? *(Sits.)*

REMUS. You will see dem most 'sholy, jest as I see dem. Manys and manys de time in de long nights dat I sits down in de chimbley jam—an' I dozes, and den Brer Rabbit 'en de yuther creeturs come slippin' in on der tiptoes jest as when I was as little as you is, I used to see dem in de green woods.

MARY. Who are the other creatures?

REMUS. Well, ders Brer Fox, he's a real sly bad man, but Brer Rabbit fool him; den ders Brer Bear, he saft and stupid and clumpy, an' Brer Rabbit fool him too. Den ders ole Man Tarrypin de Turtle, and King Deer, oh! and a mighty crowd on 'em. De woods be jammed up wid de animals and dey all have der jokes an' der quoles an' der laffin an' der cryen same as we do—same as we do, don't you make no mistake about dat.

JOHN. What shall we see them doing to-day?

REMUS. Same as always! Brer Fox will be trying ter git Brer Rabbit, an' Brer Rabbit will git Fox instead. *(Laughs.)* Brer Rabbit is de littlest of de animals but he always win—I tell you dis, Brer Rabbit have a mighty cuteness to make a riding loss of Fox—an' I'll be bound he'll do it fore dis afternoon is out. Fox try ter eat Rabbit—yo'll see Rabbit wid spurrers on his feet a ridin' Fox fore dis arternoon be out. Ay, an' yo'll see Mr. Kildee, who have been journeying far up de ole West Road, and Sindy Ann, de lil gal dat's left behind. Oh! an' yo'll see Miss Meadows an' all de yuther gals. Now wait. Dey come present, if you sit very quiet. Look hard.

*(Curtain rises. Fox and Bear are seen. In the middle, at the back, is BRER RABBIT with the little rabbits, sitting in front of the rabbit hole at the root of a tree.)*

MARY. Oh! look, John, there is Brer Rabbit.

JOHN. And there is that wicked Brer Fox.

REMUS. Der's de owdashus villun.

MARY. And Brer B'ar. Is that little hole in the tree Brer Rabbit's house, Uncle Remus?

REMUS. No no, honey; dat's only one of his front doors what leads to de undergroun' park.

JOHN. Where is Brer Rabbit's house, Uncle Remus?

REMUS. Brer Rabbit he live in a house on the hill. *[Sings*

*(JOHN and MARY join in the chorus. BRER BEAR and BRER FOX beat time with their hands. Business during song.)*

Brer Rabbit he live in a house in the hill,  
If he ain't move off he live there still,  
An' a hi-ho-hi an' a heyo.

An' he'd hail everybody dat pass on dat road,  
Wedder dey comed or wedder dey goed,  
Wid a hi-ho-hi an' a hevo.

One day he went out for ter see Brother B'ar  
An' he just pulled the door to, but left it ajar.  
An' a hi-ho-hi an' a heyo.

So Fox he slipped in, and he waited so long,  
Till he heard ole Brer Rabbit come singin' a song.  
An' a hi-ho-hi an' a heyo.

"I've caught you, Brer Rabbit, so smart and so spry,  
And in just twenty minutes you'll be rabbit pie,  
So come in with a hey and a heyo."

Brer Rabbit looked up, an' he wobbled his head,  
Says he, "All's so quiet, my house must be dead.  
An' a hi-ho-hi an' a heyo."

"The door is shut tight, an' my house is done dead,  
So I'm off to Brer B'ar's for the mourning, he said  
An' a hi-ho-hi an' a heyo.

With a wink and a laugh he hid low until day,  
When Brer Fox he sneaked out and just went on his way.  
An' a hi-ho-hi an' a heyo.

*(At the end of the song BRER RABBIT and the little rabbits scuttle into the hole.)*

*(BRER BEAR and BRER FOX are in conversation.)*

BEAR. Who told you?

FOX. Miss Meadows' cat.

BEAR. Dat cat always was a mighty gossip. Did she purr when she told you, or did she wag her tail?

FOX. She purred like this. *(He purrs. Rises and walks round.)*

MARY. Uncle Remus, why did Miss Meadows' cat purr?



REMUS. Ssh! You mustn't interrupt. She purred because she was pleased.

— JOHN. Uncle Remus, why was she pleased?

REMUS. She was pleased because Mr. Kildee is coming back? *fact*

BEAR. I 'member Primus Kildee when he was a bit of a fellow no bigger than you two fists. *fact*

FOX. Miss Meadows was a lily gal those days.

BEAR. Yassir, an' Sindy Ann was his gal. He axed her to marry him under this yer tree, and she laughed fit to kill, and when I look at her right close I find she was crying all de time.

FOX. Primus Kildee, he come back a great man now. He got a money purse all full o' shiny gold. But don't yo let de tort of him put de real bizness of de day out of your head, Brer B'ar.

BEAR (*rises*). What is the real bizness of the day?

FOX. Sit down, and I'll tell you.

*(They seat themselves, and as soon as they are seated BRER RABBIT creeps out of the hole and sits behind them.)*

Now you know, Brer Bear—you listening? (BEAR *nods*.) Something's got to be done, or I'm de bald-headest creeture betwint dis an next Jannevery.

BEAR. What's got to be done?

FOX. Ah!

BEAR. Who's it got to be done to?

FOX. Brer Rabbit!

BEAR. Who's got to do it, Brer Fox?

FOX. Us.

BEAR. Ah! (*He jumps up.*)

FOX. Yo sit down, Brer B'ar. Yo too saft, yo is. Don't you see we shan't have a quiet minute until dat biggity nigger Brer Rabbit is laid out. He's jest as sassy as a mogger horse in a barley patch, Brer Bear, Brer Rabbit must die.

— MARY. Uncle Remus, I knew he'd say that.

BEAR. I believe you, Brer Fox. Brer Rabbit—him got to de-yi!

FOX. (*Rises.*) Whenever I get into bed of a night I find it's an apple pie, or my pillow's peppered, or my nightshirt sleeves is sewn up, or there's sand in de sugar, or treacle in the mustard. Who done all this? Brer Rabbit! Brer B'ar, Brer Rabbit must be taught.

BEAR. I believe you, Brer Fox; Brer Rabbit must be taught.

*(BRER RABBIT bursts out laughing and disappears down hole. JOHN and MARY laugh too, and clap their hands.)*

BEAR. (*Springs up.*) Who laughed? I'm sure I heard a laugh.  
(*Walks L.*)

FOX. Nebber mind (*Beckons*) come yere! I want to show you someting.

(*Lifts up TAR BABY from behind the trees. He fixes it upon what looks like a log of wood, but which is really a socket to hold the pole.*)

Dis am de real bizness in han'.

BEAR. What's dat, Brer Fox?

FOX. Never you mind—someting what'll do de trick. Dat'll teach Brer Rabbit.

BEAR. What's dat called, Brer Fox?

FOX. It's a contrapshen.

JOHN. Uncle Remus, what's a contrapshen?

REMUS. It's a Tar Baby, honey.

FOX. (*To BEAR.*) First you take some tar and you mix it up with some turkentime—then you take a baby—

MARY. Oh! A baby!

REMUS. Don't you bodder, honey: it's only a Tar Baby.

FOX. First you take some tar and you mix it up with turkentime—den you take a baby—den—you'll see.

BEAR. I don't see.

FOX. Put your paw dere.

(*BEAR puts his finger on; it sticks.*)

BEAR. (*Jumping about.*) Oh let me go, Brer Fox.

FOX. Very well; will you believe me another time when I tell you I've made a contrapshen. Pull hard.

(*BRER BEAR pulls, and leaves a bit of his fur sticking on to TAR BABY.*)

BEAR. Der, fancy losing a nice bit of fur like dat, and it'll take such a long time to grow again. (*Cries.*) Yow! Yow! Yow! Yes, Brer Fox! What will you do with Rabbit when you got him?

FOX. Hang him, or skin him, or drown him. I don't know which. But I'll have all de little rabbits out ter see. He won't 'zactly relish being hanged or skinned or drowned with his chilluns there to see.

*Enter RABBIT, he does not see TAR BABY.*

RABBIT. Howdy, Brer B ar. How yo come on. How do yo segashuate, eh?

BEAR. I'm mighty poorly, Brer Rabbit, mighty poorly.

RABBIT. All yo fambly well?

BEAR. No, de fambly is mighty poorly too.

(FOX saunters up.)

FOX. Howdy, Brer Rabbit? How do you segashuate? There's a great deal of talk of Mr. Kildee down town.

RABBIT. So I bleeve!

BEAR. To tink o' him comin' back all dese years.

RABBIT. (*Striking an attitude and imitating BEAR.*) Jest to tink on it!

FOX. Sindy Ann is wellnigh distracted. He promised to marry Sindy Ann before he went away.

RABBIT. (*Imitating FOX.*) He did so.

BOTH. What do you know about it?

RABBIT. Only dat I've jest been walking up a bit of the road with him and hearing the news of the other side of de world.

FOX. You walking with Mr. Kildee! Oh you bragging bobtail bunny yo! Don't yo come foolin' longer me. Now don't yo do it. Kaze ef yo does I'll jest take an' hit you a clip what'll put you to bed fore bedtime comes—Dat's what! You!

(*He growls. BEAR growls too, and they make as if to bite*

RABBIT; then they stop suddenly. FOX looks towards

TAR BABY.)

Well, me and Brer B'ar must be gettin' on, mustn't we, Brer B'ar? So long, Brer Rabbit.

[*They go off laughing*]

RABBIT. So long, Brer FOX. Don't you be away long. You know I never can bear my life without you.

[*Exit FOX and BEAR. Suddenly RABBIT sees TAR BABY, and walks up to it.*]

Ha!

JOHN. Oh look, Uncle Remus, he sees Tar Baby.

REMUS. Jest you lie low and wait what happen. He's nebber seed a tar baby before. It won't hurt him to meet one.

(*BRER RABBIT walks round and looks at TAR BABY curiously. BRER FOX and BRER BEAR creep in from L. and lie down and watch behind seat L.*)

RABBIT. Howdy? Nice wedder dis mornin'!

REMUS. (*To children.*) Tar Baby ain't sayin' nothin', and Brer FOX he lay low.

RABBIT. Howdy? How does your corporosity segashuate? Now tell me. When you passed by the briar patch did you by any chance see Mr. Kildee?

MARY. Tar Baby isn't sayin' nuffin.

RABBIT. Did you or did you not? Is you deaf? Cos if you is, I can holler louder.

JOHN. Brer Fox he lay low. (*Walks.*)

RABBIT. You's stuck up! Dat's what you is! an' I'm going to cure you, that's what I'm going to do!

REMUS. Tar Baby ain't saying nuffin.

RABBIT. I'm going to learn you how to talk to respectable folks, if it's the last act I ever do. Now, then, you jest pay 'tention to me, whoever you are. You've got to keep a civil tongue in your head. If you don't take off dat hat and tell me Howdy I'm jest going to cut you in two.

MARY. Oh, look, Tar Baby won't say Howdy.

REMUS. Tar Baby keep on saying nuffin.

RABBIT. B-r-r-r. Oh, lor, *how* mad I do feel. Oh, lor, the blood's going right up into my head, that's what it is. I always was a sudden tempered man! I was. Now then! Howdy!

(*He hits out with his hand and strikes TAR BABY's head; his fist sticks fast.*)

Ow! Ow! Ow! Look here! Let me go! That's not play fair! Ow! Ow! Ow!

REMUS. Tar Baby ain't saying nuthin'. Ha! Ha! Ha!

RABBIT. If you don't let me loose, I'll smash you again, certain sure that I will, an' no mistake.

CHILDREN. Tar Baby don't say nuthin.

RABBIT. Dere you pidgin-toed vilyun! I'll git revengeance on yo yit! (*Hits with his other hand. It sticks.*) Ow! Ow! Ow! Lemme go. Oh but I'll kick de stuffin' out of you, an' dat I will.

(*He kicks, and his foot sticks, amid shouts of laughter from everyone. BRER FOX emerges from his hiding place.*)

FOX. Howdy, Brer Rabbit? How you segashuate? You look sorter stuck up dis mornin'. (*He laughs and laughs.*)

BEAR. Oh, Brer Rabbit, but you make me feel mighty good.

(*He shouts with laughter, and BRER BEAR holds his sides and shouts too.*)

FOX. Now, Brer Rabbit, you jest listen ter me. You bin running round here chasing after me for a mighty long time. You've bin cutting up your capers and bouncing round this neighbourhood until you come and believe yourself the boss of the whole gang!

BEAR. And then you are always somewhere where you got no bizness.

FOX. 'Zactly! Now, who asked you to come and strike up an acquaintance wid dis yere Tar Baby?

BEAR. And who stuck you up where you is?

FOX. Nobody in dis roun' wor'l'. You jes took and you jammed yourself on to that Tar Baby without any invitation whatsoever. She didn't want you. Tar Baby didn't want you Brer Rabbit, more don't any other human being—that's the truth.

RABBIT. (*Wailing.*) Ow! Ow! Ow! Let me off, Brer Fox.

FOX. Very likely. There you is, and there you stay until I fix up a pile of brushwood and fire up Tar Baby and you with her.

RABBIT. Ow! Ow! Ow!

FOX. I'm going to barbiecue you this day.

(FOX and BEAR get wood.)

RABBIT. Don't let the little Rabbits see me. Keep me away from my own front door. Roast me, Brer Fox! I spects I'd be good roasted, but jest you keep me away from my front door.

(FOX gets brushwood and puts fire underneath. He sets light to it. Smoke rises—all the time RABBIT shouts.)

Hang me as high as yo like, Brer Fox. Skin me, snatch out my eyeballs, tear out my ears by de roots, but don't yo bring me to de eyes of de innercent chillerns!

(When all is ready and the smoke rising, FOX goes to hole.)

FOX. Hullo, hullo, little Rabbits, where is you?

L. RABBITS. Here, here; what you want?

FOX. Come and see Daddy.

(The little Rabbits scamper up, shouting. They surround BRER RABBIT and pull him right out of his coat and shoe, leaving the coat and the shoe sticking to TAR BABY. They carry TAR BABY away. BRER FOX and BRER BEAR utter howls of rage. They chase RABBIT round the stage, while JOHN and MARY laugh and clap their hands.)

(They both rush wildly for BRER RABBIT, who slips out under FOX's arm, and BRER BEAR and BRER FOX tumble over each other. BEAR gets up and chases BRER RABBIT over stage, who eventually disappears down rabbit hole. FOX and BEAR are left snuffling at entrance. There is a sound of singing, and MISS MEADOWS and the Girls come in, singing, with their arms full of flowers. They are pretty young girls, dressed in crinolines in the style of the period. MISS MEADOWS and the Girls enter L.—two and two they trip round. Then MISS MEADOWS greets BRER BEAR.)

MISS M. Why, Brer Bear, that's never you!

BEAR. It is Brer B'ar you see, Miss Meadows.

MISS M. (*Curtseying.*) Well, Howdy I'm sure. An' how do you all segashuate?

BEAR & FOX. Mighty po'ly, Miss Meadows! Howdy, ladies?  
(*All bow and curtsey.*)

MISS M. Do you know where Brer Rabbit is, Brer Fox?

FOX. No, now I comes to speculate—I done set eyes on Brer Rabbit dis fortnight.

MISS M. Well that's your loss, for he was the first to welcome Mr. Kildee on his return.

BEAR. How you know dat, ladies?

— MISS LUCY. Mr. Crow brought us the news.

— MISS NANCY. And so did Mr. Crane.

— MISS LUCY. Ah, that old gossip, the Cat, has been talking of notting else!

MISS MOTTS. Oh, we are all so glad. Mr. Kildee has been away for years and years, and now he is coming home rich and great to marry Sindy Ann. Why, Sindy, where are you?

MISS M. Yes, why, where is Sindy—call her, girls.

(*The Girls call "Sindy Ann—Sindy Ann."* BEAR and FOX call down the rabbit hole. Enter SINDY L.U.E.)

(BEAR crosses L.)

MISS M. Why, Sindy, where have you been?

(SINDY hides her head.)

MISS MOTTS. I believe you've been hiding behind that tree.

(SINDY nods.)

SINDY. I thought he might pass this way.

MISS M. You thought that, did you, Sindy Ann?

GIRLS. Oh, Sindy Ann!

MISS MOTTS. Well, now he's coming home rich and great to marry you, Sindy Ann—what does it feel like? Do you think about him much, Sindy?

SINDY. Only when I wake, Miss Motts, and some time during the day—and when there's a new moon, and when the wind sweeps through the rice fields, and at a wedding, or a christening, or a funeral.

MISS M. But why do you think of him at all these times?

SINDY. Whenever my soul seems a bit too big for me to keep hold on, Miss Meadows, well then—I think of Mr. Kildee.

BEAR. Well, he's a rich man now. No wonder all the folks be all laughin' and dancin' at the thought o' seein' him.

FOX. It's getting late. That sun's a'slantin'. Do you think Mr. Kildee will he come to-night?

BEAR. Maybe he will, and maybe he won't. Still, dat sun's a'slantin', and dat's de time he done be yere.

MISS M. (*Sits.*) Come, Sindy Ann—dat sun's a'slantin'.

SINDY *sings*.—"MR. KILDEE."

SINDY. Nigger mighty happy when he's laying by corn  
Dat sun's a'slantin'  
Nigger mighty happy when he hears the dinner horn.  
Dat sun's a'slantin',  
But he's more happy still when de night draws on,  
Dat sun's a'slantin'.

CHORUS. Dat sun's a'slantin', des es sho's you born  
An' it's rise up, Primus! fetch another yell—  
That cld dun cow's just a shaken up her bell,  
An' the frogs tuning up for the dews done fell  
Good-night, Mr. Kildee! I wish you mighty well.  
Mr. Kildee! I wish you mighty well,  
I wish you mighty well.

De corn'll be ready ginst dumplin' day,  
Dat sun's a'slantin',  
But nigger got to watch an' stick and stay,  
Dat sun's a'slantin',  
Same as the bee martin watching for a jay,  
Dat sun's a'slantin'.

CHORUS. Dat sun's a'slantin' an' er slippin' away,  
Den it's rise up, Primus, and giv et um strong,  
De cows goin' home wid der ding, dang, dong:  
Sling in another ketch in de ole time song.  
Good-night, Mr. Kildee; ah, don't you stay too long.  
Mr. Kildee, ah, don't you stay too long,  
Ah, don't you stay too long.

(*During the song MR. KILDEE comes in R. The song dies away. SINDY stands transfixed, staring at him.*)

KILDEE. I beg pardon, ladies; I was just passing along to de village, and—you will forgive me—I couldn't help stopping to listen. I—I must be mistaken, but I tort I heard my name.

MISS M. You did—the song is about you. Listen. (*She signs to SINDY to sing the refrain.*)

SINDY. (*Sings, still staring at him.*)

Good-night, Mr. Kildee! I wish yo mighty well,  
Mr. Kildee! I wish yo mighty well,  
I wish yo mighty well.

KILDEE. I can hardly believe it. Dat song is made up to de name of Primus Kildee.

MISS M. That's quite true. The folks and the animals have been singing it since dawn, and someone else has been singing it.

KILDEE. Who do you mean?

MISS M. Come and sit down, and I will tell you.

KILDEE. Wait, wait! Someone else! (*He looks round.*) Why, ole Brer B'ar, I used to go robbin' bees' nests with you. Well, howdy. (*He shakes hands.*) And Brer Fox! Oh, Brer Fox, Brer Fox, are yo up ter de ole games? How's Mr. Rooster, Brer Fox?

MISS M. Won't you come here and talk to me for a little?

KILDEE. Den you is——?

MISS M. Miss Meadows.

KILDEE. You is Miss Meadows! You is Miss Meadows!

MISS M. Now, do sit here and tell us you are glad to be at home.

KILDEE. I am dat. It's a good ting after wanderin' half over de worril to feel a bit of one's own natal airth under de foot again.

MISS M. Have you wandered a great deal?

KILDEE. A great deal, I bleeve yo. An' now I am come home, an' dat means a great deal too—mo'n I tort.

MISS M. More than you thought—a great deal more.

KILDEE. Der's de ole Dad an' de Missis. Dey'll have de ash cake a' bakin' fer me dis evening. It's fifteen years since I set foot in dese parts.

MISS M. Is there no one else?

KILDEE. Not dat I knows on.

MISS M. But there is, Mr. Kildee! Someone who has never forgotten you, someone who remembers how she used to play with you when she was quite a little girl; she never forgets you. She thinks of you when she goes to sleep, and when she wakes up, and when there's a new moon, and when the wind sweeps through the rice fields—she thinks of you at a wedding, or a christening, or a funeral—Well, have you nothing to say?

KILDEE. I cannot tink of anything to say. Tell me her name.

MISS M. Can you not guess for yourself?

KILDEE. How should I guess? No gal has ever yet set store by Primus Kildee, and Primus Kildee has never yet set store by no gal.

(SINDY turns away.)

MISS M. Mr. Kildee, do you not remember Miss Sindy Ann?

KILDEE. Howdy, Miss Sindy Ann? I'm very pleased to make your acquaintance.

(*He shakes hands and then turns to TARRYPIN. SINDY droops her head and turns to MISS MEADOWS.*)



SINDY (*Crosses to Miss Meadows.*) He—has—forgotten—me. Don't tell him. Don't ebber tell him what I said. Let him tink it was anudder gal what said it.

MISS M. Poor little Sindy Ann!

SINDY. Oh, Miss Meadows. I—be—forgotten, and dat is a bitter ting to bear. Go and talk to dem, Miss Meadows, or dey tink I'm sholy daff.

(MISS MEADOWS turns to the others.)

MISS M. (*Crosses to R.C.*) Now, then, *Co. here is Brer Rabbit,* ~~a dance.~~ Take partners, gals. Where's Tarrypin?

TARRYPIN. He's here.

MISS M. Strike up then, Tarrypin.

(*FOX offers his arm to Miss Meadows, but RABBIT comes out of the rabbit hole carrying a bouquet, which he presents to Miss Meadows.*)

*cut dance*  
(*Music plays. BRER RABBIT leads Miss Meadows out. MR. KILDEE leads out Miss Motts, Brer Bear, Miss Nancy, Brer Fox, Miss Lucy. When the dance is over, the Ladies sink down and fan themselves.*)

RABBIT. *Her. She at your service Ladies - allow me -*  
Refreshments, please. Lemonade, marsh mallows, and butterballs. *- Nowdy, Primus -*

(*The little Rabbits bring trays from the rabbit hole and hand them to the Ladies. BRER RABBIT takes the centre of the stage. The refreshments are handed round. SINDY sits a little apart. TARRYPIN comes up to her.*)

TARRYPIN. What's the matter, Sindy?

SINDY. I dunno, Brer Tarrypin.

TARRYPIN. Well, why yo sad?

SINDY. I'm not sad, Brer Tarrypin. I'm awful happy.

TARRYPIN. Is dat why you cryin' den?

SINDY. Yes, Brer Tarrypin.

TARRYPIN. Hum, funny tings, gals.

SINDY. Yes, Brer Tarrypin.

TARRYPIN. If you cry when you're happy, what do you do when you sad? Laugh?

SINDY. Yes, Brer Tarrypin.

RABBIT. Now, ladies and gentlemen, walk up. The great tug-o'-war between the strongest man in the world, single-handed, and Brer Fox and Brer Bear is about to commence.

BEAR & FOX. Who is the strongest man in the world?

RABBIT. Me!

FOX. Pooh!

BEAR. Pish!

RABBIT. Wait and see. (*To Rabbits.*) Ropes, please.

(*The little Rabbits scurry away and bring two short ropes; while they are doing this FOX and BEAR object.*)

FOX. I never heard of sich a thing in all my born days.

BEAR. I won't be made a fool of. I shan't go in for it.

MISS M. Oh! Brer B'ar, I believe you are afraid!

—GIRLS. Oh! Brer B'ar, such a great big pussy thing like you!

BEAR. (*Growling.*) Gr-r-r. Who says I'm afraid! Gr-r-r!

FOX. Well, I shan't play! Why, I could eat Brer Rabbit in one mouthful.

RABBIT. If you win you *shall* eat me.

FOX. Well, that's a bargain. See fair, Miss Meadows. (*Begins to lick his lips.*)

MISS M. I'll see fair.

(*During this conversation RABBIT has been taking the ropes from the little Rabbits. He now holds out two—one in each hand.*)

RABBIT. Look here. I hold a rope in each hand, and you, Brer Fox, pull at one end of one rope, and you, Brer B'ar, at one end of the other. You won't pull me over—I too strong; but I'll drop the rope when you feel weak like and have had enough and tell me to!

BEAR. I'll pull you in two, youngster!

RABBIT. You try!

FOX. Remember you'll be eaten if you let go!

RABBIT. Suttently—there's only one condition—

BOTH. What's that?

RABBIT. I'se a timid man I is, 'en if you or Brer Bear look at me it's all over—one glance of the eye will make me weak. So yer must pull blindfold.

BEAR. I never heard tell of such a thing. I won't pull!

MISS M. Oh, Brer B'ar. You could pull a little thing like Brer Rabbit standing on your head.

BEAR. But why shouldn't I have my eyes?

MISS MOTTS. It's just your eyes that make him so frightened; your bold black eyes.

BEAR. No, I won't pull. I'm not takin' any.

MISS M. I do believe you are afraid!

— GIRLS. Oh yes, he's afraid! He is suttently afraid.

BEAR. Who says I'm afraid! I'll pull.

FOX. Well, I won't—so there.

RABBIT. I didn't think you would. I knew you'd never face me in the open—not even for a dinner!

FOX. I'll have you—for dinner—you—ugh. Come on!

*(Music. Two little Rabbits blindfold FOX with a coloured handkerchief, and two blindfold BEAR.)*

RABBIT. Now where's de cords?

*(He throws away the two short cords and takes a long one, which the little Rabbits bring him, giving one end to FOX and the other to BEAR.)*

Now, are you ready? Miss Meadows, say the word.

MISS M. Are you ready? Are you ready? Are you ready? Go!

*(Music. RABBIT holds the middle of the rope for a short time himself until they begin to pull, then he walks away, leaving them pulling one against another, making all kinds of strange noises amid shouts of laughter from MISS MEADOWS and the Girls, and from UNCLE REMUS, JOHN and MARY.)*

RABBIT. Have you had enough?

*(The animals growl, and go on pulling. RABBIT signs for little Rabbit to bring knife.)*

Then I leave go!

*(As he speaks he cuts cord. Both animals roll on the floor.)*

FOX. I'll be even with you yet, Brer Rabbit.

MISS M. *(Down c.)* Well, animals, thank you very much for entertaining us so well. Will you all come to a frolic in de woods dis day week?

FOX. I won't come if Brer Rabbit comes.

MISS M. Oh, Mr. Fox, not for me.

FOX. I'd do anything for you!

RABBIT *(R.C.)* I won't come if Brer Fox comes.

MISS M. *(L.C.)* Oh, Mr. Rabbit, not for me?

RABBIT. I'd do anything for you.

RABBIT. Only see here, Miss Meadows. If I have to go to a frolic wid dat animal I come riding him.

FOX. Will you? *(Roars with laughter.)*

RABBIT. I will that, ladies. Brer Fox was my daddy's ridin' horse fer thirty years: maybe more, but thirty years dat I know on. I'll ride Brer Fox wid a saddle and bridle, ladies—wot's more, I ride him wid spurrers—wid spurrers, Brer Fox.

FOX. Gr-r-r! I'll make Brer Rabbit chaw up his words.

MISS M. No quarrelling here, gentlemen, please.

RABBIT. Miss Meadows, will you ax all dese yere fokes to de frolic?

MISS M. Certainly I will, Brer Rabbit.

RABBIT. Den all dese yere fokes kin bear witness dat what I say is de truit. I come to de frolic riding on de back of Brer Fox.

ALL. Oh! Oh! Oh!

MISS M. Now I think that's enough, Brer Rabbit, don't you? In whatever you come I shall expect you and Brer Fox to come to de frolic—but I won't have one of you without de other—d'ye see? (*Crosses to KILDEE.*) Good-night, Mr. Kildee.

[FOX and BEAR exit L.

(*All sing the chorus of Mr. Kildee, and then go out L., leaving MR. KILDEE and SINDY.*)

SINDY. You—had forgotten me?

KILDEE. To tell you de truth, Miss Sindy, I done clean forgot. On de ole West Road men loses sight o' home and fambly an' all dat went before. On de ole West Road der's no song at evenin' time, only de song of de dollars clinkin'.

SINDY. But I can't—I can't tink dat yo done forgot me, Mr. Kildee! You 'low I used ter sing ter yo in de evenin' time?

KILDEE. Maybe dat's so.

SINDY. You 'low I used to go fishin' wid yo fer minners in de mill pon'?

KILDEE. I done clean forget.

SINDY. Well, den, you 'low I used ter go fishin' for horney heads in de Branch?

KILDEE. Maybe dat's so.

SINDY. An' now you done forget all de rest?

KILDEE. I 'low dat's so. But I hope now I am come, we be good friends, Miss Sindy.

SINDY. Ah!

KILDEE. Miss Sindy, I'm mighty curous bout dat gal Miss Meadows spoke about. Tell me de names of some of dem gals in de village.

SINDY. Wal, der's Miss Mirandy.

KILDEE. Wat's she like?

SINDY. She very tall, like a maypole vine, and her hair in very tight chinks.

KILDEE. Oh, no, it's not Miss Mirandy.

SINDY. Wal, den, der's Miss Sally—but she pidgen-toed.

KILDEE. It's not Miss Sally.

SINDY. Den der's Miss Dilsey Ann. She very short gal wid only one eye.

KILDEE. No, it's not Miss Dilsey Ann.

SINDY. Den der's Miss Tempy, but she sets in meetin' all day a lettin' out Halleyluyah hollers. (*Crosses a step or two L.*)

KILDEE. It's not Miss Tempy, Miss Sindy Ann. D'you know I'm mighty curous bout dat gal.

SINDY. Den der isn't no gal. Miss Meadows was larfin' at yer.

KILDEE. Wal, den, Miss Sindy, I'm a worse fool dan der ever was since de creashin of de worril, and dat's de truit. Jest fer a moment Miss Meadows brought up a sorter panorama 'fore me—jest like conjurment—but now it's gone. If der ain't no gal at all in de question, wal I guess I'll go back agin ter de ole West Road. You sure Miss Meadows war larfin', Miss Sindy?

SINDY. Quite sure.

KILDEE. Wal, den, it's Farewell Lane for me, Miss Sindy, an' it's a mighty long way to Farewell Lane after all.

(MR. KILDEE *sings*. SINDY *goes slowly to back of stage and goes R.*)

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### MY HONEY, MY LOVE.

KILDEE. It's a mighty far way up to Farewell Lane,

My honey, my love,

You may ax Mr. Crow, you may ax Mr. Crane,

My honey, my love.

It's a mighty far way up to go in de night,

My honey, my love, my heart's delight,

My honey, my love.

De bullybat fly mighty close ter de groun',

My honey, my love,

Mr. Fox, he coax her "Do come down,"

My honey, my love.

Tu'n left, tu'n right, an' we'll dance out de night,

My honey, my love, my heart's delight,

My honey, my love.

De big owl holler and cry fur his mate,  
My honey, my love.  
Oh don't stay long! Oh don't stay late,  
My honey, my love.  
It ain't so mighty far ter de goodbye gate,  
My honey, my love, my heart's delight,  
My honey, my love.

(SINDY sits on log and cries.)

[MR. KILDEE *exits* L.]

BRER RABBIT *appears at L.* and BRER FOX *at R.*

RABBIT. Don't you go fer ter forgit it, Brer Fox. I ride yo up to de Frolic at dis very place dis day week.

Fox. I'll no forget, Brer Rabbit, dat I make a rabbit pie er yo  
at de Frolic dis day week.

CURTAIN.

A VOICE (*heard calling*). Mary, Mary! John, where are you?

REMUS. Ders Miss Sally a hollering after you.

MARY. May we come back again soon?

REMUS. You come back at once an' see de end of de story.

JOHN. Will Brer Rabbit ride Brer Fox?

REMUS. He will dat—but a mighty lot o' tings must come to pass first.

*(They go out.)*

SCENE II.—*Outside MR. MAN'S house.*

UNCLE REMUS *is asleep.* JOHN and MARY *run in.*

JOHN. Uncle Remus, are you asleep?

REMUS. Sholy not, honey. I just about to fill my pipe.

MARY. We want to ask you something.

REMUS. (*Filling pipe.*) Ay! Ay!

JOHN. Do geese stand on one leg all night, or do they sit down to go to sleep.

REMUS. To be sure dey does, honey; dey sits down same as you and me does.

MARY. But, Uncle Remus, I *don't* sit down to go to sleep.

JOHN. I saw a goose the other day, and he was standing on one leg, and I watched him, and I watched him, and I watched him, and he kept on standing.

REMUS. Ez ter dat dey might stan' on one foot and drap off ter sleep an' forget derself. Dese yere geoses is mighty curious fowls—mighty curious.

CURTAIN UP. .

I declare to grashus dere is one of dem—an' it's one I know ver well.

MARY. Who is it, Uncle Remus?

REMUS. Dat Miss Goose, she's among de bigwigs—when she go a dinin' all de quality is dere. But she not stuck up, she not too proud fer ter take in all de washin' of der neighbourhood.

JOHN. Oh, look, there's Brer Rabbit's coat!

MARY. And I'm sure those trousers belong to Brer Fox!

REMUS. Sho! Honey. Miss Goose have no dealin's with Brer Fox. He on watch from mornin' ter night fer ter take her life.

*Enter RABBIT, L.*

RABBIT. I wish you Howdy, Miss Goose. How you come on, eh?

GOOSE. I shake hands long wid you, Brer Rabbit, but my hands dey all full er soapsuds.

RABBIT. No matter bout dat, Miss. Goose, as long as your will is good. Here's Howdy to you.

GOOSE. (*Shaking hands.*) Howdy, I'm sure, Brer Rabbit.

MARY. How can a goose have hands, Uncle Remus?

REMUS. You too particular—dat's what you are. (*Gets up and walks away.*)

JOHN & MARY. Oh, come back, Uncle Remus!

REMUS. How do you know all geeses ain't got hands underneath dere feathers? Don't yo see she have got hands? Do you know more'n ole man Knowall.

JOHN & MARY. Oh no, Uncle Remus!

REMUS. A little more an' you'll take and stand me down dat snakes ain't got no footses.

MARY. Oh no, Uncle Remus darling, do come back!

REMUS. (*Coming back.*) Well den, has snakes got footses, has dey?

MARY. (*Signalling to JOHN.*) Oh yes, Uncle Remus!

JOHN. Oh yes, Uncle Remus!

REMUS. (*Seating himself.*) Av course dey have; you take an' lay a snake down 'fore de fire, an' his footses will come out before your eyes. Now you pay 'tention to the story.

GOOSE. No, Brer Rabbit, de truit is I mighty poo'ly, I'se getting ole, I'se getting stiff, I'se getting clumpy, and I'se getting bline. An' what's more I live in shocking dread of dat ole terror, Brer Fox.

RABBIT. Ah, you may well do dat, Miss Goose.

GOOSE. Just before you happen along, Brer Rabbit, I drop my specs in de tub yere, an' if you hadn't up an' told me Howdy, I declar to grashus I'd er tuck you fer dat nasty awdashus Brer Fox, en it ud a bin a born blessin' if I hadn't scalded yer wid a pan er boilin' suds.

RABBIT. I'll find yer specs fer yer, Miss Goose. (*RABBIT lifts out clothes, then looks up and sees Miss Goose is wearing them.*) Bless grashus Miss Goose you has dem on your forehead. (*Business.*)

*Enter BEAR.*

MISS GOOSE. Thank you kindly, Brer Rabbit. Yo be a propenticular genterman—Laws a mussy, here comes Brer B'ar.

BEAR. Howdy, Miss Goose. Bad news for you. De time be come Miss Goose when you toun to roost high of a night.

GOOSE. Oh my dear, I be always 'specting bad news, and here it be at last. Why must I roost high, Brer Bear?

BEAR. Brer Fox has sworn to get you, Sister Goose.

(*GOOSE cackles and runs up and down stage.*)

GOOSE. Laws a mussy, what I gwine ter do? Tis'nt de truit, Brer Rabbit, say it isn't de truit?

RABBIT. But it is de truit, Miss Goose; an', what's more, Brer Fox be gwine to call on you dis ver' instan'.

GOOSE. (*Cackles, and runs about.*) Laws a mussy, what I gwine ter do?

BEAR. Roost high, Sister Goose, roost high. If you don't roost high you're a goner.

RABBIT. How do you roost general, Miss Goose?

GOOSE. I tun up washin' tub upside down just here and stand on the top on one leg to get a bit of rest, so—(*Business.*)

— JOHN. I told you so!

GOOSE. Then I tuck my head under my wing, so dat all de worrild shan't see me.

RABBIT. Brer Fox'ud see you, Miss Goose.

GOOSE. Oh laws a mussy!

BEAR. You roost high dis night, Miss Goose.

GOOSE. Oh wherever shall I git?

RABBIT. You come along and climb dat tree, Miss Goose, and if you don't see somethin' to make you die er laffin my name's not Brer Rabbit.

GOOSE. Oh I'm all a shakin' Mr. Rabbit!

RABBIT. Come along.

GOOSE. And to tink that all the clean linen of de village is just a spilin' in dat tub!



BEAR. Don't you talk such a lot, Miss Goose; you just climb this tree.

GOOSE. Tank you kindly, Brer Rabbit and Brer B'ar; you is both propenticular gentermans you is.

(*She curtseys round and gets up into the tree. RABBIT helps her, and BEAR sings.*)

BEAR. Hey O, Miss Goose, take care of your cloes.  
 Fer dis is de way de worril goes,  
 You will go up an' ole Fox will go down,  
 An yo'll git ter de bottom all safe an' soun'  
 Hey O, Miss Goose, Miss Goose, Miss Goose.

(*Dance.*)

GOOSE. I declare to grashus, here's Mr. Man coming! Run away home, animals, run away home.

[*Exit the Animals*]

MAN. Hullo, Janey! Janey!—whar is dat gal?

JANEY. (*Heard singing.*)

De ole bee make de honeycomb,  
 De young bee make de honey;  
 De nigger make de cotton an' corn,  
 En de white folk git de money.  
 I met a 'possum on de road,  
 Brer 'Possum whar you gwine?  
 I tank my stars, I bless my life,  
 I'm a huntin' fer de muscadine.

MAN. Dat's her—bless her heart, Janey, I say.

JANEY. (*Looking from window.*) Yes, Daddy.

MAN. I'm going out for the day, Janey. Don't you forget what I told you about that monstrous villain, Brer Rabbit.

JANEY. No, Daddy.

MAN. Don't you give him a single lettuce, not if he comes asking you ever so much.

JANEY. No, Daddy.

MAN. I know dis—de moment my back am turned dat der Brer Rabbit will come and ask you for lettuces.

JANEY. Yes, Daddy.

MAN. You know what he is like?

JANEY. No, Daddy.

MAN. Wal, you just come away down here an' I'll tell you.

JANEY. Yes, Daddy.

JANEY comes in R.

MAN. Brer Rabbit he got split lip (*Business*), poppy eyes, big ears, and a bob tail, can you remember dat?

JANEY. No, Daddy.

MAN. Well you repeat it after me. Split lip. (*Business.*)

JANEY. Split lip. (*JANEY copies business.*)

MAN. Poppy eyes.

JANEY. Poppy eyes.

MAN. Big ears.

JANEY. Big ears.

MAN. Bob tail.

JANEY. Bob tail.

MAN. Now, do you remember it?

JANEY. No, Daddy.

MAN. 'Pon my word I'll give you a whippin', Janey, that'll make you holler.

JANEY. Oh! Oh! I do 'member it, Daddy.

MAN. Say it, den.

JANEY. Split lip, nobby eyes, pig ears, and a dog tail.

MAN. Not dog tail—bob tail.

JANEY. Yes, Daddy.

MAN. Now dat's Brer Rabbit.

JANEY. Has he any udder name, Daddy?

MAN. Not dat I know of. I tink one is enough.

JANEY. Yes, Daddy.

MAN. Now you just go in and shut the door, and if Brer Rabbit comes don't you open it.

JANEY. No, Daddy.

MAN. Good-bye, Janey?

JANEY. Good-bye, Daddy.

MR. MAN. Throw me my hat, Janey!

[*Exit, through trees, singing last verse.*

(*JANEY goes into the house and shuts the door. BRER RABBIT comes in and knocks.*)

JANEY. Who's there?

RABBIT. A friend come to call.

JANEY. Is that Brer Rabbit?

RABBIT. No, not 'tall, nebber heard tell o' such a name.

JANEY. I can't open de door.

RABBIT. But I met Mr. Man on de road. Maybe you know him.

JANEY. Mr. Man is my Daddy.

RABBIT. He told me to tell a little gal called Miss Janey to open de door at once. Maybe Miss Janey not your name.

JANEY. But Miss Janey is my name.

RABBIT. Den open de door as your Pa tells you.

(MISS JANEY opens door, RABBIT starts back.)

RABBIT. An' dish, yen, is Miss Janey!

JANEY. Dat's what my Daddy calls me. What your Daddy call you?

(BRER RABBIT weeps.)

RABBIT. I bin lose my Daddy dis many long year, but when he live he call me Billy Malone.

JANEY. Billy Malone—well, I *am* glad you're not Brer Rabbit.

RABBIT. Ah! Brer Rabbit's a mighty bad lot.

JANEY. Yes, an' so ugly. Split lip.

RABBIT. What?

JANEY. Poppy eyes.

RABBIT. Oh indeed!

JANEY. Big ears.

RABBIT. Some folk 'mire big ears.

JANEY. And bob tail.

RABBIT. Well, well, well, some folks is ugly to be sure. But *you*—well, Miss Janey, I never seed you since you was a bit of a baby and now you mighty nigh a grown-up woman—wid such nice long hair. (JANEY shakes her head.) And such pretty eyes, and such dear little footses—wal I spects you wondering why I come.

JANEY. Oh no I wasn't—

RABBIT. (*Severely.*) Well you oughter be.

JANEY. Yes, Billy Malone.

RABBIT. Mister Billy Malone!

JANEY. Yes, Mister Billy Malone.

RABBIT. Well I brought a message from your Daddy. I pass him on de road now, and he say I must come and tell you for ter give me a baskit of lettuces on account o' old acquaintance.

JANEY. Better wait till my Daddy come home, Mr. Billy Malone.

RABBIT. Now dat's jest it. Mr. Man ul be mighty vexed ef I wait here till he get home. See here, here's a bit o' a letter he's write you. Can you read?

JANEY. Only capital letters.

RABBIT. Ah, he knowed dat, and he s wrote it all in capital letters. (*He shows placard.*)

JANEY. (*Reading.*) "Give Mr. Billy Malone big basket of lettuces." I see, I'll run and get them.

(*RABBIT dances round while she has gone.*)

(*Comes back.*) I can dance too.

RABBIT. Then step out, Miss Janey.

(*They dance. When the dance is over MISS JANEY turns to the lettuces.*)

JANEY. There's too many fer you to carry.

RABBIT. So der is. I dursn't leave em; Mr. Man ud be mighty put out if I left 'em. I'll jest take dese and I go and get anudder basket for to take de odders. Don't you go now, Miss Janey.

JANEY. How long you be Mister Billy Malone?

RABBIT. I be jest five minutes—you see, jest five minutes.

JANEY. Good-bye, Mister Billy Malone.

RABBIT. Good-bye, Miss Janey. You sing yourself a little song fer ter pass de time—when it's done I'll be back.

[*He goes out R.*]

### THE MUSCADINE.

JANEY. (*Sings*)

De ole bee make de honeycomb,  
De young bee make de honey,  
De nigger git de cotton an' corn,  
En de white folk git de money.  
I met a 'possum on de road,  
Brer 'Possum, where you gwine?  
I tank my stars, I bless my life,  
I'm a huntin' fer de muscadine.

(*She dances.*)

De raccoon he's a curious man,  
He never walk twel dark.  
An' nothing ever 'sturbs his sleep  
Till he hear old Bringer bark.

MR. MAN *comes in L. and sings chorus.*

Monday morning break er day,  
White folk gits me gwine,  
But I tank my stars, I bless my life,  
I'm a huntin' fer de muscadine.

MAN. (*Sings*).

De raccoon totes a bushy tail,  
De 'possum totes no hair,  
Brer Rabbit he come skippin' by;  
He ain't got none to spare.

BOTH. (*Sing*).

De rain fall saft all tru de night,  
An spring de maypole vine,  
But I tank my stars, I bless my life,  
I'm a huntin' fer de muscadine.

# DANCE.

MAN. Brer Rabbit he come skippin' by. He best not skip my way? Hullo, what's all this?

JANEY. Lettices, Daddy.

MAN. Why you cut lettices?

JANEY. For Mr. Billy Malone, Daddy.

MAN. Who de name o' goodness is Mr. Billy Malone? What sort o' lip has he got?

JANEY. Split lip, Daddy.

MAN. Ah—an' what sort o' eyes has he got?

JANEY. Poppy eyes' Daddy.

MAN. Ah, an' what sort o' ears has he got?

JANEY. Ain't got no ears at all, Daddy.

MAN. Wat, ain't got no ears?

JANEY. No, Daddy.

MAN. An' wat sort of a tail has he got?

JANEY. Ain't got no tail, Daddy.

MAN. Not got no tail?

JANEY. No, Daddy, same as you and me haven't got no tail.

MAN. Well, if dis don't bang my times, den Joe's dead an' Sal's a widder! Which way he gone, Janey?

JANEY. Dis way. He coming back, Daddy, for de rest o' de lettices.

MAN. Oh, he coming back, is he? Which way?

JANEY. Dis way, Daddy.

MAN. Well, you jist pick up dese lettices, Janey, whilst I fix up a contrapshen.

JANEY. Isn't Mr. Billy gwine to have the lettices, Daddy?

MAN. No, Janey, I'm gwine to have Mr. Billy Malone. Hush, I hear him coming. Run into the house.

*(They run into the house and shut the door. RABBIT comes in and runs straight into the trap—a noose tightens round him, and he is swung up high in the air.)*

RABBIT. Aw! Aw! Aw! Do pray, Mr. Man, lemme go. I done deceive you dis time, but I ain't gwine to deceive you no more. Aw! Aw! Aw!

(Miss Goose looks down from the tree.)

GOOSE. Quack! Quack! Quack! Oh, Mr. Rabbit, can't I do nothing?

RABBIT. Cut me down, Miss Goose, cut me down.

GOOSE. I run home for de scissors.

(She runs back and runs straight into Mr. Fox, then she gradually steps backwards trembling, as he comes forward.)

FOX. Ah, Miss Goose. Good marnin', Miss Goose. Nice marning, Miss Goose. Where do you roost to-night, Miss Goose? (Rubbing his hands.)

GOOSE. Mercy, Brer Fox.

FOX. (Seeing RABBIT.) Hullo, what's this? Why be sure it's Brer Rabbit! Howdy, Brer Rabbit?

RABBIT. Howdy, Brer Fox?

FOX. Heyo! (Laughing and covering his face.) How you come on dis morning?

RABBIT. Much obliged, I'm pretty middlin', Brer Fox, and tank you.

FOX. If it isn't perient question, may I ax what you doing up dar in de elements Brer Rabbit?

RABBIT. Nothin' much, Brer Fox, but I makin' a dollar a minnit.

FOX. A dollar a minnit, and how on airth, may I ax?

RABBIT. Well, you see dat house an' garden 'long to Mr. Man, and he mighty particular. I'm keepin' de crows out of his garden.

FOX. Keepin' de crows out of his garden?

RABBIT. Dat's so, and I am 'bout tired of de job. You'd make a better scarecrow than me, Brer Fox. Jest you try it, and when you go home wid your pockets full of money you kin make your dinner off ole Miss Goose.

FOX. Brer Rabbit, air you telling de truit?

RABBIT. If ole man Methusalem was liv'n clean up till now, he'd up and tell you de same. Pull down dat stem and let me out, and den you take my place and heap up dem dollars.

FOX. (Pulling down tree.) Well, I obliged to you be sure, Brer Rabbit.

(RABBIT gets out, and FOX gets in.)

Why can't we live neighbourly together, Brer Rabbit?

(RABBIT *swings him up.*)

RABBIT. We live neighbourly when you eaten Miss Goose, Brer Fox. Hullo, there, Rabs—come on out an' see the man what skinned father and ate up little brother.

(RABBIT and GOOSE *both sing.*)

Good-bye, Brer Fox, take keer of your cloes,  
Fer dis is de way de worril goes,  
Some goes up, and some goes down,  
You'll git ter de bottom all safe an' soun'.  
Heyo, Brer Fox, Brer Fox, Brer Fox.

(RABBIT, *knocking at MAN's door.*)

RABBIT. Mr. Man, Mr. Man, come out, Mr. Man, and ketch de tief who bin stealin' your lettices.

MR. MAN. (*Rushing out of the house.*) I've got you! I've got you! (*He beats FOX violently.*) Oh yes, youer kotch you is.

RABBIT. (*Dancing about.*) Hit him on de mouth, Mr. Man.

MAN. I hit him.

RABBIT. Hit him on de tail, Mr. Man.

MAN. I'll hit him.

FOX. Ow! Ow! Ow!

(RABBIT *runs off, and MR. MAN cuts down FOX and chases him all over the stage until he escapes, followed by MAN and JANEY and the little Rabbits. RABBIT and GOOSE sing.*)

Goodbye (Miss Goose) take keer of your cloes  
(Brer Rabbit)  
Fer dis is de way de worril goes,  
Some goes up and some goes down,  
You'll git ter de bottom all safe and soun',  
Heyo (Miss Goose Miss Goose, Miss Goose).  
(Brer Rabbit, Brer Rabbit, Brer Rabbit).

(*Little Rabbits come in and dance round, BRER RABBIT and MISS GOOSE in centre.*)

CURTAIN.

SCENE III.—*King Deer's Court.*

(MISS MEADOWS and the Girls, SINDY ANN, MR. MAN, BEAR, FOX, MR. KILDEE, UNCLE REMUS and the two Children join in the song. All sing.)

"UP AN' DOWN DE BANGO."

Oh, de first news you know de day'll be a breakin',  
 Hey O! Hi O, Up'n down de Bango.  
 An' the fire be a burnin' and de ash cake a bakin',  
 Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bango.  
 An' de hens will be a hollerin' en de Boss will be a wakin',  
 Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bango.  
 Better git up, nigger, en give yo'self a shakin',  
 Hi O! Miss Sindy Ann.

KILDEE. For de lost ell and an' yard\* is a huntin' for de mornin',  
 Hi O! git long! go away!  
 An' she'll catch up wid us 'fore we ever git dis corn in,  
 Oh, go 'way, Sindy Ann.  
 Oh, honey, when you see dem ripe stars a fallin',  
 Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bango.  
 Oh, honey, when you hear de rain crow a callin',  
 Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bango.  
 Oh, honey, when you hear that red calf a bawlin',  
 Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bango.  
 Then the daytimes comin' a creepin' an' a crawlin',  
 Hi O, Miss Sindy Ann.

KILDEE. For de lost ell an' yard is a huntin' for de mornin',  
 Hi O! git long! go away!  
 An' she'll catch up wid us 'fore we ever git dis corn in,  
 Oh, go 'way, Sindy Ann.  
 Oh, work on, boys, give de shocks a mighty wringin',  
 Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bango.  
 For de boss comes around, a dangin' an' a dingin',  
 Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bango.  
 Git up and move round, set yer big hands ter swingin',  
 Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bango.  
 Git up and shout loud! Let de white folks ha yo' singin',  
 Hi O! Sindy Ann.

KILDEE. For de lost ell an' yard is a huntin' fer de mornin',  
 Hey O! git 'long! go 'way,  
 And she'll catch up wid us, 'fore we ever git dis corn in.  
 O go 'way, Sindy Ann.  
 (Chorus. At end of song KILDEE crosses to L. and goes to back with Animals.)

(FOX crosses to RABBIT.)

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\* NOTE.—The "lost ell and yard" is Orion's belt.



MISS M. Do you know what my cat told me this morning?

— GIRLS. No, do tell us.

MISS M. (*Sits*). She purred it into my ears while I was having breakfast.

— GIRLS. Oh what was it, tell us quick.

MISS M. King Deer is to hold a court here to-day to choose a husband for his daughter—Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox are both suitors.

MISS MOTTS. I'd rather have Brer Fox if I were King Deer's daughter.

— GIRLS. (*In alarm.*) Oh would yo, how dredful!

MISS MOTTS. Brer Rabbit is so little.

SINDY. He de littlest of all de animals, but he always win. Don't yo laugh at little people.

# SONG.—SINDY ANN.

SINDY. De big bird rob and de little bird sing,  
De big bee zoon and de little bee sting,  
De little man lead, and de big hoss foller,  
Brer Rabbit 'ul put Fox's neck in a collar,

An' den he'll holler;  
Holler, Holler Holler,  
Ha! Ha! Ha!

— GIRLS. We all love Brer Rabbit, and we hate Brer Fox.

— JOHN & MARY. And so do we.

MISS MOTTS. He ate up a little rabbit this morning.

— ALL. Oh!

— MISS NANCY. And it was only because of Brer Bear and Brer Rabbit that he didn't get Miss Goose.

— ALL. Oh *Lucy*

— MISS ~~TEENY~~ *TEENY*. He drove poor Lady Hen distracted yesterday and took all her eggs.

GIRLS. Oh!

MISS NANCY. He stole the money of Teeny Tenchy Duck.

MISS M. If he marries King Deer's daughter I shan't dance at the wedding.

ALL. Neither will we.

MISS MOTTS. Ah, but he won't marry her. Brer Rabbit will find some way of outwitting him.

ALL. Are you quite sure?

MISS MOTTS. Quite sure. Oh, what's that?

*(A Mosquito flies across the stage.)*

*[Exit all Animals.]*

MISS M. That's a mosquito.

KILDEE. There usen't to be mosquitoes here fifteen years ago.

MISS M. *(Coming down c., sits down L.)* There are lots of mosquitoes now. King Deer encourages them; they never sting him or his daughter—but they sting the suitors when they come up, calling on the Princess, don't they, Sindy?

SINDY. Dey do dat, Miss Meadows. If one o' dem animals what comes courtin' falls down when de skeeters come zooning round he never gits up again.

KILDEE. Why?

SINDY. De skeeters just finishes him up and pops his body in de lake—oh dey is mighty venturesome tings dem skeeters.

*(Another Mosquito passes.)*

ALL. There's another!

MISS M. I don't like those mosquitoes. I wouldn't like Brer Rabbit to be stung to death and to have his body dropped in the lake. I'm going—will you stay here, Mr. Kildee?

KILDEE. I'm going funder den you, Miss Meadows.

MISS M. Why, Mr. Kildee, you have only just come—why must you be going?

KILDEE. I be gwine back ter de ol' West Road, Miss Meadows.

GIRLS. Oh, Mr. Kildee!

KILDEE. Sometimes I wish I never set foot on it. It's better fer a man ter stay in de place he's borned in like all dese yere animals; dey don't go ter de ends o' de worril seekin' fer sorrow.

SINDY. Have yo' bin seekin' sorrow on de ol' West Road, Mr. Kildee, or have yo' come home to find it?

KILDEE. Dat's my secret, Miss Sindy Ann.

MISS M. Tell us about it.

KILDEE. *(Plays on banjo, and just as he is going to sing a Mosquito flies across.)* Look here, skeeters! Yo jist lie to a minute, will yer? I gwine ter tell dese ladies about de ol' West Road. I isn't courtin' King Deer's daughter. Dat's de truit, skeeters.

MOSQUITOS. Zoon! Zoon!

KILDEE. Dat's all right. *(He plays and sings.)*

SONG.—MR. KILDEE.  
DE OL' WEST ROAD.

Don't yo never go down de ol' West Road,  
Too long—too long fer you,  
'Cos a mighty heap er folks has long ago go'd,  
Too long—too long fer you,  
All cuttin' of de crops what other men has sowed,  
Too long—too long fer you.  
Dey all went by, 'cos dey all tink dey knowed,  
Too long—too long fer you,  
How many have come back when dere beards have grow'd,  
Too long—too long fer you.  
How many saved de seed dat come from what dey mowed,  
Too long—too long fer you.  
Don't yo never go down de ol' West Road,  
Too long—too long fer you.  
De squinch owl hooted an' the rooster crowed,  
Too long—too long fer you.  
An' de ole oak he say, "I'm stayin' whar I grow'd,"  
Too long—too long fer you.

MISS M. Well, Mr. Kildee, if you must go—I suppose you must—but I'm sure I don't see why. Do you, girls?

GIRLS. Oh, no—don't go.

KILDEE. I must.

MISS M. Well, promise me one thing.

KILDEE. What is it?

MISS M. Promise me that you'll come to the Frolic to-morrow, and see Brer Rabbit riding Brer Fox.

KILDEE. Yes, I'll promise that. I wouldn't miss it for all de worril.

MISS M. Well, then, good-bye for the present.

[Off L.C. through trees.

KILDEE. I'll come along with you, Miss Meadows.

[They all go out, except SINDY ANN.

SINDY ANN sits alone crying. TARRYPIN comes in R.)

TARRYPIN. Hullo, Sindy, wot yer doin'? Are yo' cryin' because you so happy?

MARY. (Interrupting). Uncle Remus, I don't like this story. Why is Sindy crying?

REMUS. Eh, what?

JOHN. Why is Sindy crying, and why has Mr. Kildee gone away? If this is going to be a sad story—I shan't stop.

(JOHN and MARY start to walk away.)

REMUS. It isn't gwine to be a sad story, honey; gals always goes on like dat—dere curous creaturs, as Brer Tarrypin says. See here now—when yo ha' bin castin' shadders as long as de ole nigger, you'll find out who's which and which is who. See now. Sindy tort dat Mr. Kildee was a comin' home ter marry her.

JOHN & MARY. Yes.

REMUS. Wal, when he git back he don't forgit about her. It all come right in de end—de gal he really likes is Sindy.

MARY. Well, why doesn't he say so?

REMUS. Now den is I de tale or is de tale me? Tell me dat.

JOHN. No, you're not the tale, Uncle Remus.

REMUS. Wal den, ef I aint de tale de tale aint me, den how come you ter wanter rake me ober de coals for it?

MARY. (*Rising.*) But you promised it shouldn't be a sad story, and there is Sindy crying.

REMUS. I beg ter 'spute that. I beg to 'spute it—Sindy Ann ain't cryin' 'cos she's onhappy, she's crying 'cos she's a gal—when she grown up she'll know she cryin' 'cos she happy—dat what de tale say—de tale know—de chilluns don't know what de tale say—ole Remus—he one nigger, an' de tale hits anudder nigger—yet I ain't got no time fur ter set back here an' fetch you out argyments. (*Calling at side.*) Curtain, please.

JOHN & MARY. Oh, Uncle Remus, do please let the tale go on.

REMUS. You are de udder chilluns.

(JOHN & MARY coming to front.)

MARY. Please, Sindy isn't crying because she's really unhappy.

JOHN. Only because she's a girl.

MARY. So if yer want the tale to go on, please clap, and it will all come right.

(*Audience claps.*)

JOHN & MARY. Thank you ever so much.

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(DUET.—SINDY ANN and MR. KILDEE.)

“WAY DOWN IN GALILEE.”

Come under, come under,  
My honey, my love, my own true love,  
My heart bin a weepin',  
Way down in Galilee.

As far as de birds an' farder,  
Yo spread yo wings to fly,  
Now all de green am wiltin',  
And de dry leaf rising high,  
Way down in Galilee, way down in Galilee.

While yo gone travellin' yonder  
 Beyond de wide blue sky,  
 De trees done lost der blossom  
 An' de garden groun' is dry,  
 Way down in Galilee, way down in Galilee.

Come under, come under,  
 My honey, my love, my own true love,  
 My heart bin a weepin',  
 Way down in Galilee.

*(During the second verse MR. KILDEE returns and the song finishes as a duet. JOHN and MARY make signs to each other and seem to be pleased.)*

KILDEE. That is a sad song, Sindy—you were always happy when we played together long ago.

SINDY. Are you beginning to remember?

KILDEE. Yes, I'm beginning to remember—I cannot tink why I ever done forget.

SINDY. But what 'bout dat udder gal?

KILDEE. Wat gal?

SINDY. De gal wat's waiting fer yer.

KILDEE. Dat gal's a long way off, like the moon, Sindy Ann, an' white an' cold like de moon, Sindy Ann. Shall I try an' get de moon out o' de mill pon', as ole Brer Rabbit did? What happened to ole Brer Rabbit when he see de flection of de moon in de mill pon', Sindy Ann?

SINDY. He went after her to git her out an' got a duckin' an' sloshed all de water in de mill pon'.

KILDEE. He did dat! an' what did he say, Sindy Ann?

SINDY. He say "I hear talk dat de moon in de mill pon' will bite at a hook ef it's bated with a fool," and den he loped off home ter dry hisself.

KILDEE. I've lived longer in de worril dan yo have, Sindy Ann, an' I've seen fools an' fools, but I begin to tink now! No, I'll not tell yo' what I think. Why yo' cryin', Sindy Ann?

SINDY. You said yo were gwine back ter de ol' West Road.

KILDEE. Well, I'm not gwine arter all, Sindy Ann—I'm just going down de lane at de bottom o' de garden gate. *(He comes nearer.)* Sindy Ann come down de lane wid me—Sindy Ann, my lily, come down de lane.

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SONG.—MR. KILDEE.

Han' me down my walkin' cane  
 (Hey, my lily, go down de road)  
 Yo' true lover come home again  
 (Hey, my lily, come down de lane)

Oh de rain fall saft in de long dark night  
 (Han' me down my walkin' cane)  
 An' it's dat w'at sets all de vine slips right  
 (So, my fair lily, come down de lane).

It's de mellerest groun' de root 'ul catch  
 (Han' me down my walkin' cane)  
 An' a pine pole gate at de garden patch  
 (Won't keép my lily from out de lane).

*(At the end of the song MR. KILDEE comes near to SINDY and tries to draw her towards him, but she evades him and runs laughing away. He follows.)*

JOHN. Oh, she's gone!

MARY. Where's Sindy gone?

REMUS. Now you be good chilluns and don't talk. Ef you sit still you'll see King Deer's daughter and the skeeters.

*(The Mosquitoes here begin to zoon, and a dance follows. FOX and BEAR come in with nets and try and catch the Mosquitoes but they always fail. When the dance is concluded the Mosquitoes flit away.)*

*(When all the Mosquitoes have gone, the Animals sit down, BEAR in the middle, and FOX and RABBIT each side.)*

BEAR. Now dat we've chased away dem skeeters, I want ter ax a question? Is dis de truit, Brer Rabbit, dat you want ter marry King Deer's daughter?

RABBIT. Dat is de truit, Brer B'ar.

BEAR. Now, is dis de truit, Brer Fox, dat you want ter marry King Deer's daughter?

FOX. Dat is de truit, Brer B'ar.

BEAR. Wal she is a monstrous likely gal to be sure, but how you gwine ter git her? Wat you gwine ter do fer ter git her?

FOX. We gwine to sing to de king, Brer B'ar, and whichever of us sings de sweetest an' plays de best, King Deer will choose to marry de gal.

BEAR. Do yo know a song, Brer Fox?

FOX. Yes, Brer B'ar, but Brer Rabbit he gwine ter sing de call—I only gwine ter sing de answer.

BEAR. What is de song called?

RABBIT. De song is called "King Deer's goat."

BEAR. Dat's a mighty curous name. What for you choose dat name, Brer Rabbit?

RABBIT. Can't I choose de name of my own song, Brer B'ar?

BEAR. I'm sho' I meant no offence, Brer Rabbit. Now you

come on an' practise a bit on dat song—you sing de call, Brer Rabbit, like de captain of de cornpile! air you ready?

RABBIT. (*Sings.*)  
Some folks pile up more'n dey can tote,  
And dat's what's de matter wid King Deer's goat.

FOX. (*Singing.*)  
Dat's so, dat's so, an' I'm glad dat it's so.

RABBIT. Some kill sheep an' some kill shote,  
But Brer Fox he kill King Deer's goat.

FOX. Dat's so, dat's so, an' I'm glad dat it's so.

BEAR. Did you kill King Deer's goat, Brer Fox?

FOX. No, of course I nebber did—you're outrageous ignorant, Brer B'ar—dat's jest de words o' de song. De words o' a song nebber mean anything at all.

BEAR. Well, I 'low I wouldn't like ter sing dat song if I hadn't kilt a goat.

RABBIT. An' wouldn't you like ter sing "My honey, my love," "Who's dat a callin'?" without you waz 'mediately gwine courtin', Brer B'ar?

BEAR. Now dat's a differen' matter.

RABBIT. Not at all, Brer B'ar—a song's a song, whether it's about a gal or a goat. Now isn't it? Of course, if you an' Brer Fox are gwine—

FOX. But we are not gwine to do anything. Come on—last verse, Brer Rabbit.

RABBIT (*Sings.*) Fox up an' he 'lows it was nebber his fote,  
But he mighty pleased wid King Deer's goat.

FOX. Dat's so, dat's so, an' I'm glad dat it's so.

BEAR. Well, dat's a mighty curious song; I fail to understand it myself.

RABBIT. Don't you study on it too much, Brer B'ar—King Deer will understand it, an' dat I promise you.

(*Trumpets.* KING DEER enters with his DAUGHTER; his train is held up by two little Rabbits, he wears a crown on his head; MR. FROG follows, holding a wand with tassels. Two Mosquitoes, then KING DEER'S DAUGHTER, a little girl with a crown on; she is leading a Goat, tied with ribbons on each hand; all the Mosquitoes follow, holding their spears. The Animals bow and stand round.)

K. DEER. Howdy, gentermans?

ALL. Howdy, King Deer?

K. DEER. Now, gentermans, I tink we met dis day to decide somefin' ?

ANIMALS. Hear, hear !

K. DEER. An' it's time dat somefin' was decided, fur ter tell yer de truit I gittin' a bit weary of you two creatures, Brer Fox an' you Brer Rabbit (*He bows*), sparking round arter my gal an' keepin' de front gate a skreaken till I nigh mad. Is dis so, Brer Fox ?

FOX. It is surely—I do suttently hanker arter de Princess.

K. DEER. Is dis so, Brer Rabbit ?

RABBIT. Dat is de truit.

K. DEER. Well, I'm very undecided—I tort at first I would gib de gal herself de choice, but I soon saw dat wouldn't do. She wouldn't consider, she wouldn't. She would be jes' dead set on one on 'em or on de udder. Dat's de way wid gals. When is a choice not a choice ?

ALL. When it's a gal's choice !

DAUGHTER. I want to marry Brer Rabbit, Daddy. He's so kind to my goats, and always gives dem lettuces. (*She kisses her hand to BRER RABBIT, who kisses his to her.*)

K. DEER. Sho ! sho ! Now, dat's what de chile say, but I sorter lean towards Brer Fox. He is a settle man is Brer Fox, an' much more likely to keep de pot a' bilin'—still, Brer Rabbit is a monstrous quick creature, an' de gal likes him.

DAUGHTER. Oh, I do, Daddy ; I jes' love Brer Rabbit. (*They kiss hands again.*)

K. DEER. Now den, de lilly gal will do a dance, an' den Brer Fox an' Brer Rabbit will sing, an' arter dat dere's a big chicken pie to conclude de evening's entertainment.

(*Music plays—KING DEER'S DAUGHTER dances ; during the dance RABBIT beckons to FOX, whispers to him, and he leads away the Goats. When the dance is over, KING DEER'S DAUGHTER looks round.*)

DAUGHTER. Where are my ducky darling goats ?

K. DEER. Did yo' bring dem wid yer ?

DAUGHTER. I never go anywhere without my goats. How silly you are, Daddy ! Oh, Brer Rabbit, have you seen my goats—Brer Bear, have you ? Oh darling mosquitoes, you go everywhere stingin' people, have you seen my goats ?

(*Everybody says "No" to her questions ; at last a little Rabbit says "Brer Fox took them away."*)

— EVERYBODY. Oh yes, Brer Fox took dem away.



K. DEER. Brer Rabbit, will you go an' find Brer Fox?

(RABBIT bows and goes out.)

DAUGHTER. My darling goats! Where are my darling goats?

K. DEER. See here now, honey, don't you cry—de goats can't be far off, and dat's certain sho'. Jest yo run along an' do a little dance to cheer yerself up wid. (KING DEER'S DAUGHTER dances with Mr. FROG.) Ah, here is Brer Rabbit coming back.

RABBIT. (Comes back with two goats, which he throws down.) Brer Fox has took an' killed de little gal's goats—he say it do well for de wedding feast.

DAUGHTER. Killed my goats! Oh, how dreadful! How I hate Brer Fox!

K. DEER. Wot you mean by all dis, Brer Rabbit? Dis is a mighty serious affair, dis is.

RABBIT. I 'low dat it is, King Deer; it's mighty serious, but dat dere Brer Fox, he say dat de weddin' all fixed up now, an' on my Sam, he makin' mighty free wid de fambly—chunkin de chickens, an' now killing an' skinning dem goats.

K. DEER. Brer Rabbit, you a monstrous quick man, but all de same I don't put no 'pendence in no sech tale like dat. Brer Fox he want to marry my daughter. Why, I ax you, should he do a ting like dat? Why should Brer Fox kill King Deer's goat? I ask you dat!

ALL. Yes, indeed, why should Brer Fox kill King Deer's goat?

RABBIT. It 'ud take a wiser man dan me to answer dat riddle. But facts is facts, and he has killed 'em—and dis here is de skins!

K. DEER. If dis is so, well den I gwine ter settle matters wid Brer Fox, even if it take me a month to do it, but I can't somehow believe dat it is de truit.

RABBIT. Well, well, I a good friend ter Brer Fox, and I ain't got no room ter talk about him, but when I see him 'stroyin' King Deer's goats, en chunkin' at his chickens, an' rattlen on de palins fer ter make de dogs bark, I 'bliged to come an' lay de case fo' de fambly—an', more dan dat, King Deer, I'm de man what can make Brer Fox come in straight an' tell you wid his own mouth dat he's kill dem goat—an' ef you was to wait here until to-morrow night I wouldn't ax you to take my word for it.

K. DEER. Well, well! If yo' man enough to do dat, Brer Rabbit, it's anudder matter. Ef yo' man enough to make Brer Fox come in straight away an' tell me wid his own mouth dat he killed my goats, why den yo' can take de gal an' thank y kindly for it.

(KING DEER'S DAUGHTER claps her hands and blows kisses to BRER RABBIT. Murmurs along the Court:  
"Here comes Fox—Here's old Fox—Hullo, here comes Fox.")

RABBIT. Brer Fox, is dat you ?

FOX. I tink it is, Brer Rabbit.

RABBIT. Air you ready to sing yo' song to King Deer, Brer Fox ?

FOX. I am dat, Brer Rabbit.

RABBIT. Now den, Brer Fox, I'll up an' tell de call, and you be ready wid de answer. Now, break loose wid de music.  
(*Sings.*)

Some folk pile up more'n dey can tote,  
An' dat's what's de matter wid King Deer's goat.

FOX. (*Singing.*)

Dat's so, dat's so, an' I'm glad dat it's so.

(*Murmurs of indignation.*)

RABBIT. Some kill sheep an' some kill shote,  
But Brer Fox he kill King Deer's goat.

FOX. Dat's so, dat's so, an' I'm glad dat it's so.

(*Loud murmurs.*)

RABBIT. (*Sings.*)

Brer Fox he declare it was nebber his fote,  
But he mighty pleased wid King Deer's goat.

FOX. Dat's so, dat's so, an' I'm glad dat it's so.

(KING DEER lifts his sceptre and gives FOX a whack.  
*Everybody shouts.*)

FOX. What I done, King Deer?—hit your own son-in-law!

(*Shouts.*)

K. DEER. (*Lifting up his train and running after FOX.*)  
Oh, you needn't put up yo' hands an' try to beg off. (*He hits him with the sceptre.*) If you dare to run I'll about cripple you, an' dat I will, you owdashus villain you! Git out, or I'll do fer you—dat I will.

(*He chases FOX out, and tremendous thuds are heard outside; the Court all press forward.*)

TARRYPIN. He's ruined!

BEAR. He's teetolly ruined!

DAUGHTER. He killed my darling little goat.

—RABBITS. Why don't the skeeters sting him?

MOSQUITOES. Zoon! Zoon! Zoon!

(KING DEER returns, mopping his brow.)

DAUGHTER. How you left Brer Fox, Daddy?

KING DEER. He's saying his prayers over like a train o' cars runnin', my dear. Now den, whar's dat pie?

*(Two little Rabbits lay table and put enormous pie in the middle; they then run out. KING DEER and DAUGHTER sit in centre with TARRYPIN, BEAR L. and RABBIT R. The Skeeters begin to zoon and point their spears.)*

K. DEER. I tink I told you once afore, Brer Rabbit, dat my gal must marry de best of all de bunch o' you creatures.

RABBIT. You have dat, King Deer.

K. DEER. Wal, den, I'd be much 'bliged ter yo not to look at dem skeeters as though you was afeered.

RABBIT. *(Springing to his feet.)* 'feered! I! Set de dogs on my cats ef I afeered.

K. DEER. No offence—ef you not terrified you set down. No man what can't put up wid skeeters ain't gwine to come courtin' dis gal.

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SONG.

King Deer's daughter—she candy sweet,  
But watch dem skeeters wid stingers on der feet.  
Ol' Fox walloped—sent away an' beat,  
But watch dem skeeters wid stingers on der feet.  
Rabbit mighty sudden, Rabbit mighty fleet,  
But watch dem skeeters wid stingers on der feet.  
Wid stingers on der feet.  
Wid stingers on der feet.

DAUGHTER. Have a bit o' chicken pie, Brer Rabbit?

RABBIT. Tank you, missie. *Just as he puts up his hand to take it a Skeeter comes and steals it. He withdraws with a cry.*

*(The Skeeters press close—Music—they come nearer, then retreat—BRER RABBIT fights them with his fists—in the end they are defeated.)*

CHORUS—while RABBIT lies exhausted.

Rabbit mighty sudden—Rabbit mighty fleet,  
But watch dem skeeters wid stingers on der feet.

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DAUGHTER. Oh darling Rabbit, are you dead?

RABBIT. Pretty nearly, missie.

DAUGHTER. I shall never marry anybody but you.

RABBIT. Oh, den in dat case, I'm better dan I ebber was—Tarrypin jest yo' strike up; I'd like a dance to express my feelin's.

DANCE.

CURTAIN.

SCENE IV.—*Brer Rabbit's House.*

MARY. What are we going to see now ?

REMUS. We gittin' near de moral o' dis tale.

JOHN. Oh, is there a moral ?

REMUS. De moral is, "Don't yo try to play smarty or yo git cotch yo'self." Des look at dem creeturs, deys always laying traps fer Brer Rabbit—an' den what happen—dey git cotch dereself.

MARY. Shall we see Fox caught ?

REMUS. Yo will dat. But yo' will see de little rabbits fust—an' ders a moral ter dat as well.

JOHN. You can't have two morals in one tale.

REMUS. Den I reckon dat I'm de King of Philanders, fer I got mo'n two af yer look, fer dis yer tale is chock full of morals.

MARY. What's the other moral ?

REMUS. Wal, de one I'm speakin' of is only a little moral what consarns itself with dis bit o' der tale. It's just dis, "Fine 'em where your will, en when you may, good chilluns allers gits tuck care on."

MARY. Who are the good children in this story ?

REMUS. De little rabbits is de good chillun. Dey mind der Daddy an' der Mammy from day's end ter day's end. When Ole Man Rabbit say "Scoot" dey scoot. When ole Miss Rabbit say "Scat" dey scat—dey do dat, and dey keep dere cloes clean and dey don't have no smut on der nose either—(JOHN and MARY rub their noses.) Dey very good chillun, en ef dey hadn't er bin, after dis bit o' de story dere wouldn't be no little rabbits left—na'er a one.

## CURTAIN RISES.

(*Rabbit's House.*—TARRYPIN sitting on a log.—Fox standing by door of the house Enter MISS MEADOWS with a big basket.)

Miss M. Howdy, Brer Fox ? How you come on ?

Fox. Oh, I'm slack in dickler, Miss, same as I allers is, an' thank ye.

Miss M. Do yer think Brer Rabbit is at home ?

Fox. No, I'm der a waiting fer him.

Miss M. Then it is no use my callin'. I am going to the village to buy good things fer the Frolic to-night. You are sure to be there, aren't yer, Brer Fox ?

FOX. Wal', I guess I'm likely to be there, Miss Meadows.

MISS M. But you mustn't come without Brer Rabbit, Brer Fox.

FOX. But if he won't come?

MISS M. Then I can't have you either, Brer Fox. I can't have one without the other. If Brer Rabbit stays at home you'll have to stay at home also, Brer Fox. I shouldn't like it to be thought that I favoured one of you more than the other.

FOX. I'll come, Miss Meadows, and Brer Rabbit he'll come if I have to carry him. You des watch my motions.

MISS M. Howdy, gentlemen. (*She goes out R.*)

(TARRYPIN *plays on the quills a little tune.*)

FOX. Wat dat tune called?

TARRYPIN. (*Sings.*) I foolee, I foolee, I foolee poor Buzzard,  
Poor Buzzard I foolee, I foolee, I foolee.

FOX. Dat's a lonesome tune.

TARRYPIN. Dat's so.

FOX. I could give a money purse if you would sell me dose quills, Brer Tarrypin.

TARRYPIN. I couldn't tink of such a ting, Brer Fox.

FOX. Will you loan 'em ter me once a week, Brer Tarrypin, so dat I kin play for the chillun?

TARRYPIN. (*Shakes his head.*) No, Brer Fox—

FOX. Brer Tarrypin, I ain't got no peace er mine on account er dem quills.

TARRYPIN. I'se sorry for yer, Brer Fox.

FOX. Tarrypin, will yo jes lemme hold dem quills in my hand fer an instan' jes to see how dey is made?

TARRYPIN. I hate to 'ny small favours, Brer Fox.

FOX. Jest once, Brer Tarrypin.

TARRYPIN. Well, jes once while I count ten. (*He gives the quills to Fox.*) One, two, tree—

(*Fox takes the quills and jumps round playing.*)

Now give me dem quills.

FOX. (*Sings.*) I foolee, I foolee, I foolee po Buzzard, I foolee ole Tarrypin too. No, Brer Tarrypin, you don't git yer quills. Wat you got to say, Brer Tarrypin?

TARRYPIN. I'm not a limber man, Brer Fox, an' I don't kick up the divilment what yo done—I bide my time.

FOX. (*Sings again.*) I foolee, I foolee, poor Buzzard,  
I foolee, Brer Tarrypin, too.

TARRYPIN. I'll be even wid yer yet, Brer Fox.

(RABBIT puts his head over the door.)

RAB. Hello!

FOX. Well, you are at home.

RAB. Course we're at home. Howdy, Brer Tarrypin—Howdy, Brer Fox—an' does your corporosity seem ter segashuate?

FOX. I'm mighty poo'ly, Rab, ter-day; all de same, I'm gwine ter walk inter your house.

(Fox sits down; all the little Rabbits huddle together L. of house and look very much frightened.)

Now, Rab, wat yer do every day?

RAB. I sweep de house and dust de furniture.

FOX. What you do, Tobe?

TOBE. I cook de greens fur dinner.

FOX. What you do, Molly Cottontail?

M. COTTONTAIL. I mend up ole man Rabbit's coat.

FOX. (Taking off his coat.) Der's a hole in my coat. You jest mend it, Molly Cottontail, or I'll eat yer. I'm gwine to eat you anyways, but yer kin mend my coat fust. (Gives his coat to the little Rabbit.)

RAB. Did yo say yo was gwine to eat us, Brer Fox?

FOX. I am dat.

RABBITS. (Shivering.) Oh! Oh!

FOX. First I'm gwine to give yer a larrapin jest for enjoyment, den I'm gwine ter skin yer and nail up yer skins on dis yer door.

RABBITS. Oh! Oh!

FOX. Den I'm gwine to wash you an' put yo in de pot.

RABBITS. Oh! Oh! Oh!

FOX. I don't say dat ef yo do all I tell yo dat I mightn't let some of you 'off—but don't put too much 'pendence on dat. Now den—speak up an' spon' when I sing to you.

### SONG.—O, LITTLE RABBIT.

FOX. O, little Rabbit, yo' eye mighty big.

RAB. Yes, my lord! dey made fer ter see.

FOX. O, little Rabbits, yo tail mighty short.

RAB. Yes, my lord! but it des fits me.

FOX. Oh, little Rabbits, yo fur mighty bad.

RAB. Yes, my lord! but it keep out de cold.

FOX. Oh, little Rabbits, yo voice mighty weak.

RAB. Yes, my lord! but it grow strong when I old.

FOX. O, little Rabbit, yo ear mighty long.

RAB. Yes, my lord! dey made fer ter las!

FOX. O, little Rabbits, yo toof mighty sharp.

RAB. Yes, my lord! but dey only cuts grass.

FOX. Now den, you young Rabs, you sail roun' an' fetch me out a bit er sugarcane quick.

*(Rabbits bring out large sugarcane. Fox looks at it contemptuously.)*

Wat good dat sweetnin' tree to me—break off a bit.

*(The Rabbits try, and can't.)*

Now den you just rastle wid it. Well, well, to tink you can't broke dat. I shall hab to eat you, after all.

*(Fox lights his pipe and reads his newspaper.)*

Hurry up, Rabs, I'm waitin' on you!

TARRYPIN. *(Singing.)*

Take yo' toofies an' gnaw it,  
Take yo' toofies an' saw it,  
Saw it an' yoke it,  
An' den you kin broke it.

*(The little Rabbits put their heads together and bite the sugar, then they bring the sugarcane to Fox.)*

FOX. Dat's all right, put it down der. *(He gets up and gets a sifter hanging on the wall.)* Come yere, Rabs. Take dish yer sifter to dat little pon' an' fill it up wid fresh water, or else I'll eat you.

*(The little Rabbits cry aloud. Fox sits on a chair and reads the paper.)*

RABBITS. Oh, Brer Tarrypin, what can we do?

TARRYPIN. *(Sings.)*

Sifter hold water same as a tray,  
Ef you fill it wid moss an' dab it wid clay,  
De Fox he get madder de longer yo stay,  
Fill it wid moss an' dab it wid clay.

*(The Rabbits take the sifter to the pond. Fox rises and creeps stealthily after them. As he goes TARRYPIN catches his hind leg in a trap.)*

FOX. *(Shouting.)* Oh, Brer Tarrypin, lemme go! However yo got such an awful thing?

TARRYPIN. Dis trap belong ter Mr. Man, Brer Fox; an' I'd nebber er used it on you ef you'd a let dem innercent chillun alone, and dat's what!

*(The little Rabbits come dancing round, singing.)*

RABBITS. Oh, Brer Fox is caught. Brer Fox will yer catch us and skin us now? Howdy, Brer Fox?

*(They run into the house and shut the door.)*

FOX. Brer Tarrypin, please lemme go.

TARRYPIN. You promise me not to kill dem innercent chillun?

FOX. I promise faithful, Brer Tarrypin. Now lemme go. Aw! Aw!

TARRYPIN. Not till you gimme back my quills.

FOX. Lemme go and fetch 'em.

TARRYPIN. Gimme my quills.

FOX. I dunno whar dey are.

TARRYPIN. Gimme my quills.

FOX. Dey in de pocket er my ole coat. Oh, Brer Tarrypin, lemme go and fetch 'em.

TARRYPIN. Gimme my quills.

FOX. Bless grashus ef dem Rabs haven't shut de door. Rab! —Tobe.

RABBIT. *(Looking over the door.)* What you want, Daddy Fox?

FOX. Fetch Brer Tarrypin quills out o' my coat pocket.

RABBIT. Wot yo say, Daddy Fox? Fetch de big bit 'er sugar stick wot we gnawed for you?

FOX. No, you crazy head! Fetch Brer Tarrypin's quills.

RABBIT. What you say, Daddy Fox? Fetch de big sieve wat holds water in it?

FOX. No, no; yo wait till I git out.

TARRYPIN. Bring out de quills, Rab. He safe man now.

*(RABBIT brings out the quills and hands them to TARRYPIN, who lets go of FOX. FOX rubs his foot and limps round the stage. BEAR comes in.)*

BEAR. Wat de matter wid you, Brer Fox—you seem poo'ly?

TARRYPIN. Ain't you 'shamed ter look like dat, Brer Fox. Here come de folks gwine to de Frolic. Der's Miss Goose an' King Deer an' de Princess. *(MISS GOOSE, KING DEER, the PRINCESS, Mr. MAN and MISS JANEY pass.)* De sight o' Mr. Man give yo a spell o' de dry grins, I tink, Brer Fox.



RAB. Dere go de gals! (*The Girls pass.*)

TARRYPIN. Cur'ous creeturs, gals. An' Sindy Ann an' Mr. Kildee. (*SINDY ANN and MR. KILDEE pass.*)

FOX. He's one o' deze kinder men wot got de wimzies.

*Chorus heard in the far distance. "It's gettin' mighty late w'en de guinny hen squall," etc. It begins to get dark, and the Rabbits put a light in BRER RABBIT'S house, and set the table and light the fire. When everybody has passed FOX sits down sadly.)*

TARRYPIN. Ain't yo gwine ter de Frolic, Brer Fox?

FOX. I can't go without Brer Rabbit, Brer Tarrypin—ef Brer Rabbit stay away—Brer Fox stay away too—dat's wot Miss Meadows say. Baint yo gwine, Brer Tarrypin?

TARRYPIN. I gwine when you gwine, Brer Fox.

*(Wails heard R.)*

RABBIT. (*Outside.*) Aw-Aw- I'm mighty poo'ly, Miss Goose.

*(RABBIT comes in, leaning on MISS GOOSE; Children rush out of house.)*

RABBITS. Wat de matter wid our Daddy?

RABBIT. I'm mighty ill, Rab. I ain't long fo' dish yar worril. I'se had two doctors, and dey 'clare I ain't—

RABBITS. Two doctors let loose upon you, Daddy! Den you be a goner certain sure. (*Little Rabbits all sit down and cry loudly.*)

GOOSE. Don't you make sich a hullabaloo. Get him to bed. It's dat bait er parsley wat he ate dis marnin'. Now den, lift him up on to de bed—

*(They carry BRER RABBIT to bed.)*

Now den, Rab and Tobe, wat you got in de med'cine chest? Hab you got de Pollygolic Vial?

RAB. Yes, Miss Goose. (*Bring out immense bottle with label on it "Pollygolic Vial."*)

GOOSE. Now den, hab yo' got de calomy.

TOBE. Yes, Miss Goose. (*Brings out large pot labelled "Calomy."*)

GOOSE. An' der fly plarsters an' de jollup?

M. COTTONTAIL. Yes, Miss Goose. (*Brings out long box labelled "Fly Plarsters" and with "Jollup."*)

GOOSE. Well den, dat's all right. Ef yo give him all yo got he'll be better de marnin'—I gwine ter de Frolic—(*Howdy, etc.*)

FOX. Is yo gwinter Miss Meadows' Frolic, Brer Rabbit?

RABBIT. I too sick, Brer Fox.

FOX. Miss Meadows sez dat 'live or dead I mus' bring yer to de Frolic, Brer Rab.

RABBIT. I too sick, Brer Fox.

*(Singing, second verse is heard again.)*

FOX. I jist mad wen I hear dat. I was gwine ter up an' ax Miss Motts ter have dis evening, Brer Rabbit.

RABBIT. Was yo, Brer Fox?

FOX. I was dat. But I don't go widout you, Brer Rabbit. All de gals dey 'clare dat a frolic wouldn't be no frolic widout you, Brer Rabbit. You're sich a popular man.

RABBIT. You a'most make me change my mind, Brer Fox, but how kin I walk?

FOX. I tote you, Brer Rabbit—I tote you safe up to de Frolic.

RABBIT. How you tote me, Brer Fox?

FOX. I tote you in my arms.

RABBIT. No, no, you drap me, Brer Fox. *(Singing again heard.)* Maybe ef yo tote me on yo back I kin ride ter Miss Meadows. Den yo kin settle up tings wid Miss Motts an' we go home agin.

FOX. Ver good, Brer Rabbit. I tote yo on my back.

*(RABBIT sits on Fox's back and falls over.)*

RABBIT. I can't sit on yo back widout a saddle, Brer Fox; and I can't sit on a saddle widout a bridle to hold on by.

FOX. No—I do a lot ter go to der Frolic, but I won't have a saddle put on my back, Brer Rabbit.

RABBIT. Den I go back to bed, and yo kin go to de Frolic by yo lone.

FOX. But dat's jes' what I can't do.

RABBIT. Den yo go and git yo saddle and bridle, Brer Fox.

FOX. I'll shake yo off my back 'fore we sees de company Brer Rabbit.

RABBIT. Yo quite welcome ter do dat, Brer Fox. Yo shake me off yo back at de edge o' de wood, an' I walk de balance o' de way.

FOX. Dat's a bargain den.

*(He goes out. A third verse is heard of the song, while little Rabbits take off RABBIT's nightshirt and help him into a jockey coat and cap and spurs. FOX comes back saddled and bridled. RABBIT mounts him.)*

FOX. Here's a position for a gentleman. Ef I wasn't dead set on dis Frolic, no power on airth ud make me do dis, Brer Rabbit!

RABBIT. Wal, please yerself, Brer Fox—an' yo kin shake me off when yer wants ter, Brer Fox. (*He digs his spurs into Fox.*)

FOX. (*Jumping into the air.*) What yo got on yo feet, Brer Rabbit?

RABBIT. I got spurrers on my feet, Brer Fox, an' if yo don't git ter de Frolic in double quick time you'll know it. (*Sticks in spur again.*) (*Music.*)

FOX. (*Jumping and prancing.*) Aw—aw!

RABBIT. Look, chillun! He's as peart as a circus pony!

(*He rides Fox round the stage and off; the little Rabbits follow riding on hobby horses.*) (*Music.*)

# CURTAIN.

## SCENE V.—*Brer Rabbit's Wood.*

MARY. I wonder what is happening at the party!

JOHN. Brer Rabbit is on his way there now. I wonder if Fox is jumping about much!

REMUS. Oh, he a gaily ridin' hoss to Brer Fox! But yo listen. I tink de creeturs be havin' a frolic of der own dis night as well as Miss Meadows. All de Frogs au de fire flys be out.

(*Frog Chorus heard.*)

# CURTAIN RISES.

(*The Forest. Evening. Purple sky and faint starlight. Froy song and eccentric Frog dance, to which TARRYPIN plays accompaniment on quills.*)

## FROG SONG.

CHORUS. Kerblink, kerblunk, kerblink, kerblunk.

I doomer—kerekum—merker,  
De ole Fox got my brudder;  
I doomer—kerekum—merker,  
An' I aint got any udder.

Kerblink, kerblunk, kerblink, kerblunk.

BRER BULL FROG (*sings*).

Ingle go jang, my joy, my joy,  
Ingle go jang, my joy;  
De swamp is dat deep, my joy, my joy,  
Ingle go jang, my joy.

Ride a bit, slide a bit!  
Jump a bit, hump a bit!  
Hop a bit, flop a bit!  
Walk a bit, balk a bit!  
Creep a bit, sleep a bit!  
Fly a bit, cry a bit!  
Foller, holler, wade, spade, *and* (*spoken*)

If yo aint monstrous keerful yo aint got dar *den*!

CHORUS. Kerblink, kerblunk, kerblink, kerblunk.

I doomer—kerkum—merker,  
De 'ole Fox got my brudder;  
I doomer—kerkum—merker,  
An' I aint got any udder.

(*This is followed by a graceful dance of Fireflies. The Fireflies go out and leave old TARRYPIN still playing. MR. KILDEE comes in L, followed after a moment by—*

KILDEE. Dat yo, Brer Tarrypin?

TARRYPIN. I bin playin' fer de frogs un de fireflies, Mr. Kildee. Dey mighty frolicsome dis night.

SINDY. I tort I heard de frogs croakin'.

KILDEE. No, Sindy Ann, you heard me croaking—I was a croakin' a little song 'bout a little nest dat 'ud jest do fer two people, Sindy Ann—so yo' jest listen!—

MR. KILDEE *sings*.—"MR. MOLE."

De jay-bird hunt de sparrer nest,  
De martin sail all roun',  
De squire he holler from de top er der tree,  
Mr. Mole he stay in de groun',  
Mr. Mole he stay in de groun', my love.  
Mr. Mole he stay in de groun'.  
Mr. Mole he stay till de dark drap down,  
Den he creep from out his nest,  
All soft an' all warm as a dry fodder stack,  
Mr. Mole he know de best, my love,  
Mr. Mole he know de best.

Den we'll hab a home like his, my love,  
 So saft, an' sweet, an' warm,  
 Fer de bad wedder break wid a big thunderelap,  
 An' de quiet come after de storm,  
 De quiet come after de storm, my love,  
 De quiet come after de storm.

---

KILDEE. We'll hab a nest one er dese here days, Sindy Ann—as sweet an' as warm as a dry fodder stack—an' I tell yo dat.

SINDY. How long yo hold me in 'membrance dis time, Mr. Kildee?

KILDEE. As long as rabbits is rabbits, Sindy Ann, an' dat's bout as long as de pedigree of ole Brer Tarrypin's gran' daddy!

SINDY. And yo'don't want to wander any more?

KILDEE. Never any more. De ole oak say "I'm staying where I grow'd." Listen, Sindy Ann, my dear—I'll be here wid yer as long as yo let me—when de moon rises, when de wind sweeps tru de rice fields—at—at a wedding, Sindy Ann—maybe at a christening—and yet maybe again at a funeral—whenever our two hearts feel too big ter ketch hold er—I'll be dar if yo let me, Sindy Ann.

SINDY. I won't send yo away, Primus.

*Music. (Beginning of "Hop Light, Ladies." Played softly.)*

(MISS MEADOWS comes in. MISS MEADOWS shakes hands with MR. KILDEE and SINDY and BRER TARRYPIN—then BEAR comes and MISS GOOSE—then KING DEER and KING DEER'S DAUGHTER. MR. MAN and MISS JANEY and the Girls come next. When they are all there MR. KILDEE takes his banjo and sings.)

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### "HOP LIGHT, LADIES."

It's a gittin' mighty late, w'en de guinny-hins squall,  
 En you better dance now, ef you gwinter dance at all,  
 Fer by dis time ter-morrer night you can't hardly crawl,  
 Kaze you'll hatter take de hoe agin en likewise de maul—  
 Don't you hear dat bay-colt a-kickin' in his stall!

Stop yo humpin' up yo sholders,  
 Dat'll never do,  
 Hop light, ladies,  
 Oh, Miss Loo!  
 Hit takes a heap er scrugin'  
 Fer ter git you thoo—  
 Hop light, ladies,  
 Oh, Miss Loo!

Ef you niggers don't watch, yo'll sing anuder chune,  
 Fer de sun'll rise'n ketch yo ef yo don't be mighty soon :  
 En de stars is gittin' paler, en de ole gray coon  
 Is a settin' in de grape vine a watchin' fer de moon.

W'en a feller comes a knockin'

Des holler—Oh, shoo!

Hop light, ladies,

Oh, Miss Loo!

Oh, swin' dat yaller gal,

Do, boys, do!

Hop light, ladies,

Oh, Miss Loo!

Oh, tu'n me loose! Lemme gone! Go 'way, now!  
 W'at yo speck I come a dancin' fer ef I dunno how?  
 Deze de ve'y kinder footses w'at kicks up a row;  
 Can't yo jump inter de middle en make yo gal a bow?

Look at dat merlatter man,

A follerin' up Sue;

Hop light, ladies,

Oh, Miss Loo!

De boys aint a gwine,

W'en you cry hoo-hoo!

Hop light, ladies,

Oh, Miss Loo!

*(The song is followed by a dance, in which everybody joins.  
 When the dance is over MISS MEADOWS looks round.)*

MISS M. But where's Brer Rabbit? A frolic is no frolic  
 without Brer Rabbit.

MISS GOOSE. An' where's Brer Fox?

*(Everybody groans and hisses.)*

MISS M. No, no; you mustn't groan and hiss—you are all  
 good friends to-night. Aren't you now, Brer Bear?

BEAR. Dat's so, Miss Meadows; we'se mighty famillious wid  
 each other dis night.

MISS M. Brer Rabbit said he would come riding.

TARRYPIN. He did dat.

K. DEER. Oh, do you think he will? What fun!

KILDEE. If Brer Rabbit said so, he mos' suttently will.

*(A sound of thudding and kicking and slashing heard,  
 and RABBIT'S voice, "Now den, Gee up! Gee up! I  
 tell you!")*

PRINCESS. It is Brer Rabbit, an' he's ridin' Fox!

(RABBIT comes in, riding FOX. Everybody shouts and clap their hands.)

MISS GOOSE. Hullo, Brer Fox; who wanted me to roost high o' a night?

TARRYPIN. Who stole my quills?

RABBITS. Who wanted to skin us and fry us?

~~TONE. Who put up Tar Baby for Daddy?~~

RABBIT. Ladies and gentermans, aint I done tell yo? Brer Fox was de ridin' hoss fer our fambly. (*Laughter.*) He sort er losin' his gait now, but I 'spects I kin fetch him all right in a minit or so.

(FOX jumps about, BRER RABBIT beats him and shouts.)

Now den, don't yo snort an' don't yo cavort or I'll dig de spurrers into yo deeper still. (*Noise and laughter.*) I'se bin intendin' to sell him dis mont ef I cud get a good enough offer.

BEAR. Ef yo gwine to sell him, Brer Rabbit, sell him somewhere outer dis neighbourhood—he live yer too long.

(Suddenly FOX lies down, and RABBIT is forced to get off. FOX lies quite still.)

RABBIT. Hullo! Brer Fox—wot you shammin' dead for?

ALL. He is dead. He look mighty sick!

KILDEE. Take off de saddle.

GOOSE. An' de bridle. Are yo dead, Mr. Fox? May I ax yo what yo've done wid Mr. Rooster, an' po' ole Miss Puddle Duck an' Mr. Turkey Buzzard, an'—

DAUGHTER. An' what have you done wid my dear little goat?

RABBIT. Ah!—den I've somping to say—dat der Brer Fox he's de mos' uppity nigger on de hill, but I got de better o' him dat time! Dat goat nebber was killed—at any rate, he inner-cent o' dat! Ladies an' gentermans, here stan' de offender.

(RABBIT brings in goat.)

DAUGHTER. Oh, my darling little goat—did naughty Brer Rabbit steal you?

TARRYPIN. Brer Fox stole my quills.

BEAR. Brer Fox murder Mr. Wolf.

TARRYPIN. Brer Fox he ate Brer Bullfrog's brudder.

GOOSE. Brer Fox he ate Mr. Rooster, Lady Hen, en Miss Pullet, Mr. Peafowl, Miss Guinny Hin an' Miss Puddle Duck, en all de balance on em.

KILDEE. Wal, he done dead now, an' der's an end of it.

MISS M. It's a sad thing to have our frolic turned into a funeral.

RABBIT. (*Feeling Fox's ears.*) His ears feel quite wom!

KILDEE. His neck feel quite wom!

RABBIT. His short ribs feel quite wom.

KILDEE. All his limbs is sound.

RABBIT. His whole body is limber.

ALL. His whole body is limber.

MR. MAN. (*Pulling whip away from RABBIT.*) Heyo, yer! How come dis? Dish yer chicken nabber look like he dead, but dey aint no bones broked en I ain't see no blood, en needer does I feel no bruise—en more 'n dat—he wom, en he limber—sump'n wrong fer sho! Dis yere pig grabber might be dead, en den again he mightent, but ter make sho dat he is I give him a whack wid my whip handle—

RABBIT. (*Holding up his hand.*) No no! Mr. Man, don't yo go ter hit a corp. I hope Brer Fox aint dead, but I badly 'speck he is. He seem as if he dead, but he mayn't be. Do yo know, ladies an' gentermans, dat ef folks is jest dead—an' yo ax 'em solemn ef dey is—dey lifts up der leff leg an' give a fearsome yowl "Wahoo!" Dey allus do dat. Dey can't help et—en et's de las' word dey utter. Ef dey don't do et, den dey's not dead.

MR. KILDEE. Dat's true; I done forget it.

EVERYBODY. Yes, sholy dat's de truit.

RABBIT. It's mighty funny—Brer Fox look like he dead sho enough, but he don't do like he dead—when axed, dead folks allus hid up der behine leg and mo'n, "Wahoo." Now I'll call him. Brer Fox, is yo dead?

ALL. Brer Fox, is yo dead?

FOX. (*Moving and wailing.*) Wahoo.

(*Laughter. Fox gets up.*)

MISS M. There, Fox, now we know that you aren't hurt at all. An' you've had such a lot of whippings that we'll forgive you, only you must just leave the animals in peace for the future. Do you hear, Brer Fox?

FOX. Yes, Miss Meadows—as a matter of fact, I'm mighty sore everywhere.

MISS M. Promise, Brer Fox.



FOX. Yo hev' my word, Miss Meadows.

ALL. Hip, hip, hurrah !

MISS M. Now it's time for de Frolic really to begin. Mr. Kildee, who will you lead out ?

MR. KILDEE. Sindy Ann, Miss Meadows. I'm 'gaged fer dis dance an' fer always.

MISS M. Oh, Sindy Ann, I am pleased !

ALL. Hip, hip, hurrah !

MISS M. Come Mr. Man, give us a song !

MR. MAN *sings*.—"HI, MY RINKTUM."

Hi, my rinktum ! Black gal sweet,  
Same like de goodies wat de white folk eat,  
Ho, my riley ! don't you take an' tell her name,  
Den if folk be laughin', she won't ketch no blame,  
Hi, my rinktum ! we'd better shut dat door,  
Or de white folk 'ull tink we are tearin' up de floor.

Den it's hi, my rinktum !  
Don't git no udder man,  
En it's ho, my riley !  
Fetch out Miss Sindy Ann.

Ho, my riley ! Yaller gal proud,  
Do she dat likely it may well be 'lowed,  
Hi, my rinktum ! you lemme jest git by,  
An' I'll see wat she mean by de cut er dat eye,  
Ho, my riley ! but we'll left de feet an' shout,  
Till de night be dyen an' de sun a comin' out.

Den it's hi, my rinktum !  
Don't yo git no udder man,  
En it's ho, my riley !  
Fetch out Miss Sindy Ann.

Hi, my rinktum ! White gal fine,  
She may be yone, but I mean ter stick ter mine,  
Ho, my riley ! de east is gitten red,  
De squinch owl shiver like he want ter go ter bed,  
Hi, my rinktum ! but de gals an' de boys,  
Des now gittin so dey can sorter make a noise.

Den it's hi, my rinktum !  
Don't yo git no udder man,  
En it's ho, my riley !  
Fetch out Miss Sindy Ann.

MISS M. Now, one cheer for Brer Rabbit !

RABBIT. No, no, ladies. Brer Rabbit's nobody—de littlest of all de animals—dis (*Pointing to UNCLE REMUS*) am de author of de play.

ALL. Uncle Remus

JOHN. Oh, come along, Uncle Remus, come along

*(The Children pull him by the hand and drag him to the centre. Everybody takes hands, and dances round him.)*

CURTAIN.



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t6	Claude Duval (3 Acts) (6 M. 4 F.)	..	..	Walter Parke & Florian Pascal	8 0	1 6
t7	Cloches de Corneville (3 Acts) (5 M. 8 F.)	..	..	H. P. Stephens & Ed. Solomon	7 6	1 6
t8	Cymbala (3 Acts) (6 M. 8 F.)	..	..	H. B. Farnie, etc., & R. Planquette	7 6	1 6
t9	Erminie (3 Acts) (12 M. 6 F.)	..	..	H. Paulton & Florian Pascal	7 6	1 6
t10	Falrykins and the Goblins, The (2 Acts) (9 characters) (Fairly Opera for Children)	..	..	H. Paulton, etc., & E. Jakubowski	7 6	1 6
t11	Great Casimir, The (3 Acts) (7 M. 6 F.)	..	..	M. C. Gillington & Carl Reinecke	10 0	0 8
t12	Gypsy Gabriel (3 Acts) (7 M. 3 F.)	..	..	H. S. Leigh & Chas. Lecocq	7 6	1 6
t13	His Majesty (2 Acts) (10 M. 7 F.)	..	..	Walter Parke & Florian Pascal	7 6	1 6
t14	La Petite Mademoiselle (3 Acts) (6 M. 3 F.)	..	..	F. C. Burnand, etc., & A. C. Mackenzie	7 6	1 6
t15	Lord Bateman (2 Acts) (5 M. 6 F.)	..	..	H. S. Leigh, etc., & Chas. Lecocq	8 6	1 6
t16	Magic Opal, The (2 Acts)	..	..	H. P. Stephens & Ed. Solomon	7 6	1 6
t17	Mynheer Jan (3 Acts) (9 M. 5 F.)	..	..	Arthur Law & J. Albeniz	7 6	1 6
t18	Nectarine (3 Acts) (7 M. 5 F.)	..	..	H. and E. Paulton & Ed. Jakubowski	6 0	1 6
t19	Sally (2 Acts) (Period 1811) (5 M. 5 F.)	..	..	Henry Hersée & R. Planquette	6 0	1 6
t20	Suzanne (3 Acts) (7 M. 3 F.)	..	..	Ed. Righton & Florian Pascal	7 6	1 6
t21	Cinderella (4 Acts) (3 M. 4 F.)	..	..	H. S. Leigh & F. Paladilhe	7 6	1 6
t22	Tempests in Teacups (2 Acts) (5 M. 3 F.)	..	..	H. S. Leigh & John Farmer	3 6	* 1 6
t23	Fairy Maiden, The (or, Thomas the Rhymor) (3 Acts) (A Musical Fairy Play without Dialogue)	..	..	C. L. Purkis & Adrian Ross & F. Pascal	5 0	1 6
t24	Sensation Novel, A (3 Acts) (6 M. 2 F.)	..	..	M. C. Gillington, etc., & F. Pascal	10 0	1 6
t25	The Coquettes (or, The Comic Comedy Opera) (Period 1800-1825) (5 M. 3 F.)	..	..	Sir W. S. Gilbert & F. Pascal	5 0	1 6
	and non-singing parts (2 M. 1 F.)					
t26	The Queen of Cornwall (Tragedy) (2 Acts) (4 M. 4 F.)	..	..	Thomas Hardy & Rutland Boughton	12 6	—
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## OPERETTAS, MUSICAL PIECES, &c.

M—Male Characters. F—Female Characters.  
IN ONE ACT.

t1	Breaking the Shell (2 M. 1 F.)	..	..	H. B. Farnie & Offenbach	2 6	—
t2	Cups and Saucers (1 M. 1 F.)	..	..	Geo. Grossmith	2 6	—
t3	Blind Beggars (2 M. 1 F. or M.)	..	..	H. B. Farnie & Offenbach	2 6	—
t4	His Only Coat (3 M.)	..	..	J. J. Dallas & W. Slaughter	2 6	—
t5	Slice of Luck, A (1 M. 1 F.)	..	..	E. Oxenford & F. Pascal	2 6	—
t6	Sang-Azure (2 M. 2 F.)	..	..	Henry Herman & F. Pascal	2 6	—
t7	John and Angelina (2 M. 1 F.)	..	..	Henry Lathair & L. Elliott	2 6	—
t8	My Uncle, the Ghost (1 M. 2 F.)	..	..	Henry Lathair & Lecocq	2 6	—
t9	Extremes (5 F. and Female Chorus)	..	..	L. Debenham & Odoardo Barri	2 6	0 6
t10	Waterman, The (3 M. 2 F.)	..	..	Edited by W. Younge & F. Pascal. C. Dibdin	2 6	—
t11	Mr. Fitz W— (3 M. 3 F.)	..	..	W. C. Newte, W. Parke & J. C. Bond-Andrews	2 6	0 8
t12	Quaker, The (2 M. 3 F.)	..	..	Edited by W. Parke & F. Pascal. C. Dibdin	3 6	1 0
t13	Lady Laura's Land (3 M. 2 F. and Mixed Chorus)	..	..	F. W. Broughton & F. Pascal	2 6	0 8
t14	Crusader and the Craven, The (2 M. 1 F.)	..	..	W. Allison & Percy Reeve	3 0	—
t15	Inspector (2 M. 2 F.)	..	..	A Musical Charade. Adrian Ross & F. Osmond Carr	2 0	0 6
t16	Old Knockles (2 F. 3 M.)	..	..	Arthur Law & A. J. Caldicott	4 0	1 6
t17	Verger, The (2 F. 3 M.)	..	..	Walter Frith & King Hall	4 0	1 6
t18	Tally-ho (2 F. 3 M.)	..	..	Malcolm Watson & A. J. Caldicott	4 0	1 6
t19	Simple Sweep, A (2 M. 3 F. & Mixed Chorus)	..	..	F. W. Broughton & J. F. Downes	5 0	0 6
t20	Ballet d'autrefois, Petit Scene. (Old World Ballet.)	..	..	For Pantomime and Voice (1 F. 1 M.)	3 0	—
t21	Secrets of the Heart, Musical Duologue (2 F.)	..	..	A. Dobson & B. Godard	3 0	—
t22	Golden Age, The (or, Pierrot's Sacrifice) (1 F. 2 M.)	..	..	Byatt & F. Pascal	5 0	0 8
t23	Weather or No? (1 F. 1 M.)	..	..	Adrian Ross & Luard Selby	3 6	0 8
t24	Our Toys (or, Our Doll's House) (3 M. 3 F.)	..	..	W. Yardley & Cotsford Dick, and others	2 6	0 8
t25	Charity begins at Home (2 F. 3 M.)	..	..	P. Rowe (B. C. Stephenson) & Alfred Celler	4 0	1 6
t26	Eyes, & No Eyes (or, The Art of Seeing) (3 M. 3 F.)	..	..	W. S. Gilbert & F. Pascal	4 0	1 6
t27	Jealousy (or Tuppins & Co.) (3 M. 2 F.)	..	..	Malcolm Watson & Ed. Solomon	4 0	1 6
t28	Knave of Hearts, The (5 M. 2 F., or 5 F. and 2 M.)	..	..	W. Yardley & L. Elliott	3 0	0 8
t29	Moss Rose Rent, A (3 M. 2 F.)	..	..	A. Law & A. J. Caldicott	4 0	1 6
t30	Box B (2 M. 2 F.)	..	..	R. Corney Grain	2 0	0 8
t31	Three Tenants (3 M. 2 F.)	..	..	G. A'Beckett & T. German Reed	3 6	1 6

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# OPERETTAS, &c.—*contd.*

M—Male Characters.

F—Female Characters.

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## IN ONE ACT—*continued.*

32	Our Toys (New Edition). (3 M. 3 F.)	W. Yardley & William Grey	5	0
33	Wedding Guest, The (A Musical Sketch for three characters) (2 M. 1 F.)	M. C. Gillington & F. Schubert	2	0
34	Consultation, The (The Lawyers) (A Musical Sketch for three characters) (3 M.)	May Byron & F. Schubert	1	6
35	Old Sarah (3 M. 2 F.)	Harry Greenbank & Francois Cellier	4	0
36	One too Many (4 M. 2 F.)	F. C. Burnand & F. Cowen	4	0
37	Patience, The (1 M. 2 F. or 3 M.)	Walter Parke, M. C. Gillington & Leo Delibes	3	0
38	Robber, The (2 M.)	Adrian Ross & Louis Kreymann	2	6
39	Lodgings to Let (1 M. 1 F.)	Adrian Ross & Louis Kron	2	6
40	Faust and Grechen (1 M. 1 F.)	Adrian Ross & Richard Thiele	2	6
41	Mary and Sairey (2 F.)	Adrian Ross & Richard Thiele	2	6
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45	Belles of the Village (Rustic Ballad Opera) (12 M. 5 F.)— written, composed and arranged by Hugh Foster & John FitzGerald	Sydney Fane	4	6
46	Love Cycle, A (or, Dangerous to Cyclists) (1 M. 1 F.)	C. Adams & A. J. Caldicott	2	6
47	Girton Girl and The Milkmaid, The (2 F. & F. Chorus, or Duologue)	W. Parke & F. Pascal	3	6
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49	Feminine Strategy (1 M. 1 F.)	Alice Fleury, etc.	2	0
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52	Dollodom (Children's Operetta)	W. Comery & A. Richards	3	0
53	Return of the Fairies, The (Children's Operetta)	M. C. Gillington & Ed. Solomon	3	6
54	Maid and the Blackbird, The (a Nursery Operetta) Book of Actions, 6d.	J. Fletcher & others & E. B. Farmer	5	0
55	Nell (Children's Operetta)	L. & L. W. White & M. L. White	4	0
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57	Lady Ella (founded on "Cinderella") (Operetta for Young People)	Helen Broadbent & Inez Evers	3	0
58	Mother Work-a-day World (Musical Play for Children)	Libretto by Chrystabel. Music by Herbert Wareing	4	0
59	Three Sisters, The (A Persian Operetta)	Helen Broadbent & Inez Evers	3	0
60	Pixie-led (Musical Play for Children)	Sir W. S. Gilbert & Fred Clay.	Music on hire	
61	Happy Arcadia (4 M. 2 F.)	Sir Francis Burnand & J. L. Molloy.	MS. on hire	
62	Very Catching (Operetta) (2 M. 3 F.)	Sir W. S. Gilbert & Fred Clay.	Music on hire	
63	Ages Ago (3 M. 2 F.)	Louisa Gray	2	6
64	Between Two Stools (2 M.)	Adapted from the Japanese Music by Rutland Boughton	2	0
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66	Agincourt (A Dramatic Scene) (6 M. & Male Chorus)			

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1	Fairykins & the Goblins (Children's fairy opera)	M. C. Gillington & Carl Reinecke	10	0
	Complete vocal parts, 1s. 6d. net. The vocal score has accompaniment for four hands and may be had on hire or purchased.			
2	Vingt et Un (1 M. 5 F. & F. Chorus)	Virginia & Lucy Wintle	2	6
3	Pied Piper (Children's Opera)	A. O'd Bartholeyns & J. Farmer	3	0
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5	Worn-out Shoes (A Choral Play for Schools)	A. O'd Bartholeyns & Waddington Cooke	3	0
6	Brer Rabbit & Uncle Remus (comic opera for young people)	W. Parke & F. Pascal	6	0
7	In Wonderland (Founded on Lewis Carroll's Book "Alice in Wonderland") (A Children's Operetta)	Edith Wheeler & F. Pascal	4	6
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1	Jewel Maiden, The (Japanese Operetta) (3 Acts) (Female Voices and Chorus)	M. C. Gillington & Florian Pascal	4	6
	Voice parts (only), complete 2s. net.			
2	Red Riding Hood (A Musical Play for Children) (3 Acts)	E. L. Thomas & John Farmer	2	0
3	Frozen Heart, The (or, The Snow Queen) (Operetta for Children) (3 Acts)	M. C. Gillington & M. Carmichael	4	6
4	Beauty and the Beast (A Children's Opera) (3 Acts)	L. & L. W. White & M. L. White	4	6
5	Florette (A Fairy Operetta for Treble Voices) (3 Acts)	A. M. Allen & A. Bartlett	5	0
6	Brer Rabbit and Mr. Fox (A Musical Frolic for Children) (5 Scenes)	Mrs. P. Dearmer & Martin Shaw	5	0
7	Cinderella (4 Acts) (3 M. & 4 F.)	H. S. Leigh & John Farmer	3	6

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